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Contents

EDITORIAL PARAGRAPHS 57
EDITORIALS:
Mr. Roosevelt Repudiates Himself 60
Uncle Sam's Jobless 61
The Sinners of 1929 61
Celluloid Czar 62
CARTOON. By Gyula Zilzer 63
IF THE SUPREME COURT OBJECTS. By Paul Y. Anderson . . 64
WHY CONFERENCES FAIL. By Harold J. Laski 65
CARTOON. By Low 66
WALTER LIPPMANN. III. OBFUSCATOR DE LUXE. By Amos Pinchot 67
LA GUARDIA FOR MAYOR OF NEW YORK. By Arthur Garfield Hays 71
THE INTELLECTUALS OF THE WORLD AND HITLER. By Karl Langer 72
THE COMIC WISDOM OF S. N. BEHRMAN. By Joseph Wood Krutch 74
IN THE DRIFTWAY. By the Drifter 76
CORRESPONDENCE 76
CONTRIBUTORS TO THIS ISSUE 77
BOOKS AND FILMS:
Sir Arthur Plans Planning. By Henry Hazlitt 78
Eamonn de Valera. By William MacDonald 78
Pearl Buck's Mission. By Younghill Kang 79
These Here States. Hy H. L. Mencken 79
Beyond Shakespeare. By Mark Van Doren 80
For Unsophisticated Unbelievers. By Haakon M. Chevalier . . . 80
Science and Reality. By William Gruen 81
The Mountain of Debt. By Harry W. Laidler 81
Shorter Notices 82
Films: The Eisenstein Muddle. By William Troy 83

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NERVOUSNESS IS DEVELOPING among the administrators of the Roosevelt recovery program. The larger industries have not been coming forward with their "codes of fair competition" as quickly as was hoped. Some industries are suspected of organizing without benefit of the National Recovery Administration, of getting together for the purpose of fixing prices and dividing markets upon their own initiative. Other industries have intimated that they will challenge the constitutionality of the recovery and farm-relief acts in the courts. Others are merely stalling in the hope that natural processes of recovery will presently render codes and other measures of control obsolete and unnecessary. The farmers, too, have been slow in cooperating. This is especially true of the cotton producers. With prices rising, the farmers have not been eager to agree to curtail their production next year. Many feel that they may have more to gain by selling their crops on the open market than by reducing their output and accepting a government subsidy for the difference. Crop-reduction agreements among the cotton growers have been discouragingly few and the Agricultural Adjustment Administration has stopped publishing figures concerning them, at least for the time. Persons close to the Roosevelt Administration are beginning to worry; for the first time they realize the immensity of their task.

THE ADMINISTRATORS of the program have, therefore, dropped their soft-spoken language of a few weeks ago and are now talking in terms of positive, summary action. Hugh S. Johnson warned industry that it must come to terms with the government at once in order to prevent "a new collapse." Donald Richberg, general counsel for the National Recovery Administration, told the Merchants' Association of New York in a blunt and impressive address that "industrial leadership" was being given "one more chance—perhaps the last—to justify its authority." The "challenge" of the Roosevelt program, he declared, "must be met in the next sixty days." Attorney-General Cummings promised in words hardly less vigorous to bring the full force of the anti-trust laws to bear against the trade and industrial groups that are attempting to fix and enforce their own restrictive agreements. At the same time conferences have been held at the White House to determine how the recovery and farm-relief laws may best be defended against probable attacks in the courts. What disturbs Administration officials in this respect is the knowledge that there are four old men on the Supreme Court bench who always side with the financial and industrial monopolists and two or three others who usually vote as the interests of big business seem to require.

WHILE there are many reasons for the anxiety privately expressed in Washington, the most urgent has to do with the boom in commodities and securities. This may appear paradoxical, but the fact remains that the price rise has embarrassed the Administration by lessening the enthusiasm of industry and the farmers for government regulation. As Ernest K. Lindley remarks in the New York *Herald Tribune:* "Industries which were in the red two months ago are now in the black and are envisioning even greater profits in the near future with the help of low depression wage-scales in their own particular industries." Moreover, the boom has been largely one-sided. The June report of the Department of Commerce shows a marked increase in business activity, but it also shows that "employment and pay-roll gains have lagged considerably behind the increase in production." In May employment and pay-roll indexes were still "below the low level of a year ago," and average hourly factory earnings "also were at a new low point." The report warned that "available indexes of consumer purchasing indicate for the most part that goods are not moving into consumption as fast as they are being produced." The Administration considers this the crux of the problem. If the production and price curves go up faster than the purchasing-power curve, it is felt that the disparity between the two will soon lead to another crash. This is what Johnson, Richberg, and other officials had in mind when they warned business men of the drastic consequences the failure of the Roosevelt program probably would have.

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There can be no question that if the recovery scheme fails, for lack of cooperation or for any other reason, the reaction upon business in general will be swift and severe.

THE appointment of Secretary Ickes as permanent Public Works Administrator to succeed Colonel Sawyer is an encouraging move. It indicates that the government's public-works program is likely to be carried out for the purposes originally intended—to put unemployed men to work—and that it will not be perverted into a vast party grab-bag. Disturbing reports had been trickling out of Washington that the multitudes of jobs and contracts to be handed out as soon as the program gets under way were being confidently awaited by hungry Democrats. One of Ickes's primary acts should be to see to it that all local and State or regional administrators are held rigidly accountable in the distribution of benefits. Another duty will be to secure for discharged federal employees a first go at suitable positions created under the program. The chances for graft in the administration of a measure involving the expenditure of $3,300,000,000 are so numerous and monumental that only the ablest, most honest, and most courageous executive could possibly prevent them. Secretary Ickes comes as close to these specifications as any person in the Cabinet. Our one doubt about his fitness for this task is based upon his reputed conservatism in regard to the expenditure of the money. While it is proper to proceed with a wary eye to speculators and grafters, it is equally necessary to cover as much ground as possible with great rapidity. Already prices are rising. Already production is increasing. If these developments are not to end in a shattering collapse—like that of a comber rolling up a beach—they must be paralleled by an equally marked increase in purchasing power. Secretary Ickes has apparently sided hitherto with the Treasury's watch-dog, Lewis W. Douglas, in opposition to Tugwell and certain other members of the Cabinet who advocate a generous outlay on approved projects. If assistance through government expenditure is justified at all, it should be applied in large doses with all possible speed.

BREAD IS GOING UP in price. There should be no surprise at this. It is a natural result of the recent increase in the price of wheat and of the processing tax of thirty cents a bushel, effective on July 9, on such of the grain as is milled into flour, with the purpose of creating a fund with which to pay farmers to restrict acreage and so keep prices up. There are, to be sure, grave doubts about the success of this restriction plan, as well as in regard to the entire effort toward price inflation, but the Roosevelt Administration has based its hopes squarely on that policy, and nobody who is supporting the program ought to object to its obvious consequences. At the same time, this is a moment for bakers to go slow and watch for the sign "Sharp curve ahead." Secretary of Agriculture Wallace reminds the bakers with point that when the price of wheat was falling, and they were asked to reduce their charges for bread, they countered by declaring that the amount they paid for grain was only a small item of their total expense. Secretary Wallace estimates that increases in the price of bread should not exceed 1⅓ cents on a pound loaf and threatens to put profiteering bakers out of business by a licensing system if necessary. A crucial struggle impends here, and the future of the whole Roosevelt program may well hinge on how far Mr. Wallace lives up to his promises. The public can't have its cake and eat it too, says a spokesman for the bakers. True, but if the bakers are greedy, they may find themselves baking their bread and keeping it too.

MR. ROOSEVELT'S proposal for a managed currency that would secure a fixed price level for at least a generation is an ideal most desirable of realization, but we must recognize that the difficulties in the way of its attainment are enormous, and that the present American delegation and the present world conference are clearly not the instruments to achieve it. What is immediately possible, however, as well as desperately necessary, is the fixing of definite figures for devaluation of at least the dollar and the pound and of a definite date for returning to gold at those figures. There is no magic in mere depreciation, mere uncertainty, and daily fluctuations in the currency's value, as the record so far of Great Britain and Japan ought to show. We have formally been off the gold basis for not quite three months. Great Britain, also, following her abandonment of gold in September, 1931, had a three months' period of rising markets and commodity prices, but then, as uncertainty continued, the long sagging movement was resumed. As this is written the dollar in the foreign exchange market is at a discount from the old gold parity of fully 30 per cent. This is about as far as the depreciation should be allowed to go. It seems quite sufficient, when adjustments have been made to it, to restore a workable relation between costs and prices. Any further depreciation will probably be at the ultimate expense of the American retail consumer and American labor. The depreciation must be halted before any further harm is done. There is only one certain way to halt it, and that is by a return to gold at the present dollar level.

THE MORE ENLIGHTENED SPIRIT animating the Department of Labor under its new Secretary, Frances Perkins, is evident in an order just issued permitting foreign students in the United States to work their way through school or college. The new ruling revokes one formerly promulgated by the obtuse Secretary Doak of Mr. Hoover's regime, which prohibited students from working for their maintenance while getting an education in this country. Mr. Doak on September 1, 1932, sent a notice to all college registrars, saying that the privilege of employment, even on part time, was withdrawn from alien students. The American Civil Liberties Union offered its services to test the regulation in court, but the Department of Labor avoided the issue by exempting from the order several students who were selected for the legal issue. In December of last year Mr. Doak's order was somewhat relaxed, in the face of wide protest, so as to permit students already in the United States to continue to work for room and board but not for money. The present superseding order of Commissioner General of Immigration MacCormack says:

> A student who has some means, but not sufficient income to cover necessary expenses, will be permitted to accept sufficient employment to meet necessary expenses. A student having no means will be permitted to work to earn sufficient funds to meet necessary expenses. In no case will a student be permitted to accept employment of a nature to interfere with his full course of studies.

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WHILE the New York utilities continue to oppose rate reduction on the ground that they cannot afford it, testimony before the Public Service Commission has disclosed more high salaries markedly increased during the depression. The New York Edison's chief executives received emoluments totaling $193,500 in 1927 and $230,800 in 1932, a rise of 19.31 per cent. The Bronx Gas and Electric administrators' salaries in the same period rose 17.1 per cent. For 1933 they will be still higher! The Brooklyn Edison was a little foxier. That company put into effect an apparent salary cut. But it promoted every official so that actually each one received more than before and the administrative increases for the first four months of 1933 are $6,250 above last year. In addition, "consolidation" in New York Edison departments resulted in an increased expense of $20,358 for the same four months! All of which, with other cumulative evidence, proves that the public is faced with a group of unconscionable highbinders who are making a mockery of the whole "public utility" principle. If the Public Service Commission does not wish to strengthen the long-growing belief that it is wholly complacent in the face of this legalized racketeering, it will immediately order those salaries reduced to levels consonant with the decreased cost of living and make its mandate evasion-proof. And the benefit of these, and other equally necessary and obvious economies, should be passed on at once to the public in the form of substantially reduced rates.

ROY W. HOWARD, on the front pages of the Scripps-Howard newspapers which he dominates, urges editorially that the situation in the Far East requires that the United States should immediately commence building its navy up to its treaty quota, "and beyond, if the world wants to remove the limit." His views are important in so far as they tend to shape the editorial policies of twenty-six dailies which have earned the right to be considered among the more enlightened forces in American journalism. Mr. Howard's argument is that a "decade of American effort and progress toward outlawing war has ended in failure—temporarily at least"; that "America's efforts to substitute reason for force in international agreements" are "premature"; that "in Manchukuo Japan has created another Alsace-Lorraine from which she will never be ousted except by force of arms"; that "the Japanese public has been convinced that America is too penurious to fight," and "in that misconception lies real danger." So because Japan exhibits her conviction that might makes right and has made scraps of paper of her treaty obligations, the United States should now arm to the teeth. Are American marines to recapture the Asiatic Alsace-Lorraine for the Chinese? That would seem to follow from Mr. Howard's logic. On the other hand, he declares that "there has never been less cause for disagreement between Japan and America than exists today. . . . Never have the suicidal certainties of conflict been so apparent. But logic and reason do not prevent wars." Well, in *The Nation's* view, there could be no surer way of bringing about war with Japan than Mr. Howard's proposed policy. True, Japan at present wants to increase its treaty quota from 10-10-7 to 10-10-9 for the maintenance and probable extension of her brutal military conquest on the Asiatic mainland. *The Nation,* along with Mr. Howard and, we believe, with intelligent people the world over, deplores that policy. But does it follow that we should abandon those principles which Japan has violated and be prepared for war with Japan? Competitive armaments have invariably led to conflict. If the Japanese believe we do not want to fight, we should be highly content with that view and not attempt to prove that they are mistaken.

ON SUNDAY, JULY 9, the Associated Press, a wireless dispatch to the New York *Times,* and a dispatch from the Jewish Telegraph Agency, all from Berlin, reported that eighty Jewish physicians, many prominent in the profession, and including the internationally known Dr. Felix Theilhaber, had been arrested in their homes and sent to a concentration camp. These arrests were carried out with such speed and precision that no opportunity was given to arrange for substitutes to attend the doctors' patients. The charge was that these doctors had used their consultation offices for the gathering of atrocity propaganda! On the following day, in the New York *Times,* Anne O'Hare McCormick describes Chancellor Hitler's blue eyes, "curiously childlike and candid," his voice "as quiet as his black tie," his frequent smiles, and declares that when he talks he is "indubitably sincere." Among the statements that Herr Hitler made to this interviewer was that the discrimination was not primarily against the Jews, as such, but "against the Communists and all elements that demoralized and destroyed us." He also declared that he wished the Jews would leave Germany and that he would be "only too glad if the nations which take such an enormous interest in Jews would open up their gates to them." If Herr Hitler is so "indubitably sincere," one simple way of obtaining his wish would be to allow Jews to leave and take with them their portable property and their savings to enable them to start abroad other than as paupers. To date, the Hitler policy has been to confiscate all but 200 marks from those who flee the country to escape Nazi persecution.

ONE MAN and one nation, at least, have got something out of the London Economic Conference. While the delegates of the capitalist countries have moved faintheartedly to save international capitalism, and worked much more aggressively to conserve economic nationalism, Maxim Litvinov, the peripatetic envoy of Russia, has buzzed about busy as the copybook bee, gathering honey from every opening flower. He is the Boy Who Made Good of the conference. While other delegates have done nothing so far to entitle them to anything but a Bronx cheer, Litvinov brings home the bacon in such substantial slices as to merit at least an accolade from the stern Stalin. With Great Britain Litvinov made a dicker whereby the vexatious embargo on Russian imports was removed in return for the release of the two convicted British engineers whom Russia probably had tired of boarding anyhow. Then, while others were asking whether American dollars in the future were to be of gold or cornmeal mush, Litvinov took a chance and borrowed 4,000,000 of them—nearly always a safe risk—with which to buy American cotton. Meanwhile, just to keep himself fit, he negotiated non-aggression treaties with a string of border states from Afghanistan to Esthonia and found a few minutes to run down to Paris and improve trade relations with France. Who says international conferences are a failure? Not Litvinov or Russia.

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Mr. Roosevelt Repudiates Himself

As these lines are written, the World Economic Conference has still not adjourned. For the sake of appearances the statesmen of the world have decided to move its arms and jaw so that passers-by who do not see very well will get the impression that it is still alive. But everyone with sound eyesight knows not only that it is a corpse but who killed it. The fatal shot was fired by Mr. Roosevelt on the morning of July 3. The assassin remarked tautologically that it would be "a catastrophe amounting to a world tragedy" if his bullet were to have the only effect it could possibly have.

Like every man in a position of great power, the President has found a thousand apologists for and rationalizers of his course, but the blunt truth is that from the beginning his record in connection with the World Economic Conference has been indefensible. He began by sending over a delegation that with the exception of one or two members was third-rate. This delegation, so far as can be learned, went to London with no clear instructions and no positive program of any kind. It was not only divided internally, but it made no attempt to conceal its division. Senator Pittman repudiated the program of Secretary Hull. When the delegation seemed on the verge of a minor agreement, that agreement was promptly repudiated by the President, who apparently informed reporters that such decisions would be made "in Washington," not by the delegation that had been sent over to make them! Then came the announcement that the great Mr. Moley himself was taking ship for London, and the statesmen at the conference were naive enough to suppose that the President was at last sending a representative who would represent him, a spokesman really authorized to speak. But the first innocuous agreement that Mr. Moley reached was repudiated just as promptly, curtly, and publicly as all the previous decisions reached by the delegation.

The climax was reached in the President's astounding statement of July 3. That naive document read as if Mr. Roosevelt had just seen "Gabriel Over the White House" or had been browsing through some gay magazine article called "If I Were World Dictator." The statement was badly written; its economics were amateurish and muddled; it was possible to surmise from it only vaguely what was in the President's mind; and in tone it was not only belligerent toward the conference but frankly contemptuous of those participating in it. Grave as these faults were, there was one aspect of the statement that was even more disturbing. This was the indication it gave of the emotional and intellectual instability of the President. He had repudiated again and again all the official delegates he had appointed; now he was repudiating himself and all his solemn and public pre-conference agreements. From the series of meetings with MacDonald, Herriot, Bennett, Jung, there had emerged a series of joint statements. It is necessary to quote from only two of these. In the statement that Mr. Roosevelt issued jointly with Prime Minister Bennett of Canada on April 29 he remarked: "Economic and monetary policies must be adjusted to permit a freer international exchange of commodities. . . . No one of these problems can be profitably dealt with in isolation from the others nor can a single country accomplish a satisfactory solution." The statement issued jointly with Signor Jung on May 6 was even more explicit. "If normal life is to be resumed," the President then said, "the World Economic Conference must be made a success. It must not only meet soon, but come to its conclusions quickly. . . . We are in agreement that a fixed measure of exchange values must be reestablished in the world and we believe that this measure must be gold." Finally, on May 16, the President declared definitely that "the conference must establish order in place of the present chaos by a stabilization of currencies." After this, what must those at the conference have thought when they found themselves out of a blue sky suddenly denounced by the President for allowing themselves to be "diverted" to the stabilization of currencies?

The excuse has been offered for the President that the passage of the National Industrial Recovery Act, the continued advance in the stock and commodity markets, and the revival in industrial activity changed the situation at home, and so made necessary a change in monetary and tariff policies from those contemplated in May. This excuse must encounter the fact that the President knew all about the recovery act in May, and that the revival was also under way at that time. Why could he not have postponed the conference before it abortively met? And if it was really the change in the domestic situation that caused the President to change his mind, why did he not say so publicly and frankly? In any case it would have been much more fitting for him to apologize to the conference for changing his mind and for rejecting his pre-conference declarations than to denounce the conference for trying to carry them out.

What must give hardly less concern than these sudden and unpredictable shifts by Mr. Roosevelt is the growing strength in Washington of the notion that international cooperation *conflicts* with our "domestic" recovery program. The exact opposite is the truth: unless we promptly participate in policies of international cooperation our so-called "domestic" program must fail. Are not our export industries domestic industries? Are not our cotton, wheat, automobiles, and farm machinery domestic products? Do not the industries engaged in producing them give employment to American labor just as our non-export industries do? Does not the prosperity of our non-export industries depend in large part on the purchasing power of labor in our export industries? Is it a mere coincidence that in the last three and a half years domestic conditions have become constantly worse as the volume of our foreign trade has shrunk? In so far as a conflict exists between international cooperation and our so-called domestic program it is the domestic program that is unsound. Instead, for example, of permitting sufficient imports to pay for exports, and so permitting the expansion of the market for American cotton, the government is now attempting to get American cotton growers to destroy one-fourth of their crop. We have yet to learn that international cooperation is one of the chief ways of promoting American recovery. Certainly one of the least promising is by the destruction of wealth.

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Uncle Sam's Jobless

As various federal departments put into effect their programs for the discharge of employees in order to keep within their reduced appropriations, it becomes clearer that the result of the policy is a disruption of the civil service—to the extent of the discharges—and a creation in its place of a spoilsmanship personnel. That is, the Administration is turning out into the streets regular employees in the classified service as a measure of so-called economy while at the same time it is building up in the new emergency organizations a structure for the accommodation of a horde of new workers not subject to civil-service requirements and probably to be appointed for political reasons.

We do not believe that in its origin the economy legislation was a plot to bring this to pass. It was muddle-headed devotion to the fetish of a "balanced budget." But that the consequences are as we describe them is strikingly revealed by a statement of Secretary Roper reported in the New York *Times* of July 6. Mr. Roper said in connection with the discharge of 1,891 employees from the Department of Commerce that he was effecting a saving of $7,000,000 for the new fiscal year. At the same time he stated that as a member of the Board of Public Works he would recommend that $10,000,000 from the national-industrial-recovery-act fund for public construction be allocated to his department, which would make possible the reemployment of some 1,500 workers. Secretary Roper did *not say*—what is the fact—that the 1,500 persons will fill new non-civil-service jobs and may be former employees or may be clamoring individuals from the pap-hungry and persistent horde of Postmaster-General Farley's "deserving Democrats."

As the stupidity of the government's program of discharging its own employees in order to finance "unemployment relief" grows clearer to the public, there has been an inevitable protest against it, and department heads in Washington are trying to retrieve the blunder in various ways. Some are putting into effect extensive furloughs for all instead of discharges for some, which is the best way out of a bad business. Also some effort is being made to place discharged workers in the new emergency services, but the initiative seems to be placed upon the individual, and the Federated Press reports that political credentials have been asked of some of the applicants. The only fair and tolerable course is that the government itself shall arrange the transfers, that it shall do it as a matter of right, not of political favor, and that employees discharged for economy shall have the first claim on work in the new services. Let unemployment relief begin at home!

President Roosevelt is busy with many pressing problems, but he and his friends cannot afford to ignore the original blunder of starving the government departments so as to necessitate a wholesale discharge of workers, nor the further scandal, now imminent, of replacing these men and women with an army of political henchmen most of whom will not come from the ranks of the unemployed but from less attractive to more desirable jobs. The entire relief program will be discredited if the Administration begins by turning its own workers into the streets and destroying the non-political civil service to make jobs for spoilsmen.

The Sinners of 1929

WHEN Otto H. Kahn, with the complacent air of a gay old dog reviewing the reckless days of his youth, described to the Senate Banking and Currency Committee the "simply inexplicable" financial practices brought about by the "spirit of 1929," his words must have brought tears of nostalgia to the eyes of the 156,000 holders of Pennroad Corporation stock. For those security holders who invested some 140 millions of dollars on the expert financial advice of Mr. Kahn's Kuhn, Loeb, and Company saw that investment shrink to little more than $10,000,000; it is now basking in a partial recovery to about $50,000,000. In the light of the experience of investors in other new-era creations, such as were sponsored by Kreuger, Insull, Eaton, et al, the Pennroad stockholders might easily consider themselves fortunate to have recovered one-third of their original investment—if they held on.

But the very fact that this enterprise was carried out without the complete collapse of values that took place in the more spectacular examples of financial exploitation permits us to fix our attention on its intrinsic worthlessness. The picture reveals vividly the complete lack of social consciousness that characterizes big business in its dealings with the public. Here is the Pennsylvania, one of the most powerful and wide-flung railway systems in the country. Here is its distinguished banking counsel, seeking to appear to its clients in the disinterested professional role of "Dr. Kuhn, Loeb, and Company." Here is the public, craving new securities to buy, and particularly securities issued under the aegis of such eminently respectable pillars of capitalist society. What could be more natural than to oblige the public with a brand new company, not even a subsidiary of the Pennsylvania, with its stock conveniently bound over for ten years to voting trustees, giving the Pennsylvania new millions to play with without interference from the Interstate Commerce Commission? The distinguished banking counsel is consulted. Its advice, in effect, is to avoid the pitfalls of funded debt or even of preferred stocks and, since the public is in such a ripe buying mood, to sell the new issue direct to the Pennsylvania Railroad's stockholders, thereby eliminating also the expense of underwriting. For these words of wisdom the bankers are rewarded with stock options from which they glean profits of $2,700,000 or not quite half of their total return from the deal. The public makes an initial contribution of $87,000,000. A few months later it adds another $50,000,000.

What was the real justification for the Pennsylvania's enticing these enormous sums from its stockholders? The best answer Mr. Kahn could think of was as follows:

> They felt very strongly that, at that time, when everybody thought that whatever he bought was going to be worth more tomorrow and was certainly worth buying, they should not permit invading forces to come in and buy up properties they believed to be of strategic need for the purpose of serving their great system.

In other words, the Van Sweringen brothers, operating with other people's money supplied by the Alleghany Corporation, should not be allowed to buy properties if the Pennsylvania could get enough funds from the public to bid a higher price.

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So the Pennsylvania girded up its loins and entered the lists—with its stockholders' millions. It relieved Henry Ford of the Detroit, Toledo, and Ironton Railroad for $36,600,000, nineteen times the road's average earnings in the four years ended with 1929. It bought terminal properties in Baltimore for $13,400,000. Best of all, it persuaded Frank E. Taplin to part with 223,000 shares or 74 per cent of the total stock of the Pittsburgh and West Virginia Railway for $170 a share. This cost a total of $37,900,000 or $4,300,000 more than the peak price for the stock in the open market during 1929. Other investments were made in miscellaneous railroad securities for roughly $50,000,000 at the choicest 1929 prices, investments which by the end of 1932 had shrunk to one-tenth of their purchase price.

When it was all over, Pennroad had made investments of more than $140,000,000. As those securities gave a peak return to Pennroad, before dividend reductions got under way, of something over $4,000,000 a year, the company was capitalized at about thirty-three times its boom-time income. In the four years of its existence, Pennroad has paid its stockholders a total of $5,400,000 or an average yearly return of nine-tenths of 1 per cent.

Who are the real beneficiaries of these gigantic transactions, aside from those fortunate individuals who were able to unload their stocks on Pennroad at fancy prices? "Dr. Kuhn, Loeb, and Company," of course. It was probably also pleasing to the vanity of General Atterbury of the Pennsylvania to be able to pay a higher price for the Pittsburgh and West Virginia than the Van Sweringens, or the New York Central, or the Baltimore and Ohio could muster. But let Mr. Kahn himself deliver the final alibi for Pennroad, even though his words were not intended to embrace the entire unpleasant picture: "We were all sinners in 1929."

Celluloid Czar

WHEN Will H. Hays, the great fixer, heard of the *New Yorker's* plan to include him in its series of "Profiles" he was, so it is said, so alarmed that he made tentative efforts to "fix" that also. No one who has read the two-part account of his various activities which has now appeared from the pen of Alva Johnston will be inclined to wonder, for it would be hard to find a more devastating analysis of a big-little man than this biography of one who found politics too real for him but came into his own when he was made the official windbag of a peculiarly windy industry.

Mr. Hays told an investigating committee three different stories concerning the $265,000 worth of Liberty bonds which passed through his hands on their way from "Teapot Dome" Sinclair into the coffers of the Republican Party. Three years ago his organization was caught red-handed in the act of paying considerable sums to "moral leaders" who had been intrusted by various groups with the job of making an impartial investigation of the films. But on the other hand his love life is beyond reproach, and as long as his mind remains as free as it has always been from evil thoughts, no one will suppose that a certain amiable obtuseness concerning the distinction between generosity and bribery unfits him for the job of keeping the movies pure, or, as Mr. Johnston more realistically puts it, exercising his "infallible judgment in fixing the border line between what the public will tolerate and what the public will *not* tolerate."

Mr. Hays's unction as a politician did not win him the Presidency to which he at one time aspired. It won him merely the Postmaster-Generalship. But when, in 1922, the movies called him with the strong voice of $100,000 a year, he discovered (in his own words) his capacity to see the pictures "not only from the viewpoint of the men who have millions of dollars invested in them but from the viewpoint of the fathers and mothers who have millions of children invested in them." "We must," he added, "have toward that sacred thing, the mind of a child, toward that clean and virgin thing, that unmarked slate—we must have toward that the same responsibility, the same care about the impression made upon it, that the best teacher or the best clergyman, the most inspired teacher of youth, would have."

Just what Mr. Hays thinks appropriate to "that virgin thing," the mind of a child, may be deduced from the titles and descriptions of the films put out by the companies under his absolute control, but the industry is satisfied. No State or federal censorship bill has been passed since he assumed the job of czar, and he has succeeded in pacifying each angry moralist as he arose by a fitting speech and the promulgation of a new "code" guaranteed to make the films henceforth as sweet as a baby's breath. One rule is that respect must always be shown to constituted authority; therefore, in theory, Nero and Simon Legree would have to be heroes. Another rule is that "adultery must not be presented attractively"; therefore, in theory, Paolo and Francesca, Tristan and Isolde, and Abélard and Héloise are out. Fortunately, however, there seems to be no rule against the good old formula which calls for eight reels of transgression followed by 300 feet of retribution, and so all is well.

Indeed, the only point at which we should like to take issue wtih Mr. Johnston's admirable analysis occurs when he concludes a summary of the attacks made upon his hero by moralists and aestheticians alike with the remark: "Both sides cannot be right about Hays. No man is versatile enough to undermine the morals of a nation by his licentiousness while stupefying its intellect with his prudery." But the truth of the matter is that he has actually succeeded in doing this apparently impossible thing and that he has kept his job so long only because he has known how to do it. Whatever is straight, frank, honest, and truth-telling he has kept out. Whatever "the innocent child mind" might profitably learn about the devious ways of the world and the equally devious ways of the heart is eliminated from the stories to which he gives his approval. But whatever can be smeared over with the varnish of sentiment, whatever can be suggested by clothes that do not quite come off, and beds that are never quite got into, is immediately classified as ideal movie material. The movie-goer is kept in a constant state of titillation by promises never entirely fulfilled and suggestions just definite enough to be grasped by the least mature intellect. The result is that Mr. Hays can call the films moral while they remain, nevertheless, the most completely sex-soaked form of popular amusement ever provided to any society.

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"New York Halts Relief for 1,000,000 for Lack of Funds"

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If the Supreme Court Objects

By PAUL Y. ANDERSON

Washington, July 8

THE most important Washington news of the week comes, as it often does, from New York. I allude to the address of Donald R. Richberg, chief counsel for the National Recovery Administration, defining the purposes and policies of that body. Since so many of the daily papers fumbled the story it may be desirable to sketch some of the more salient points. Richberg, with the official approval of Administrator Hugh S. Johnson, told American industry it probably was facing its last chance to demonstrate its capacity to govern itself successfully. He said that success or failure would come in sixty days, and that the outcome would determine whether the future managers of industry will be chosen by stockholders or the public. He said that slackers could expect no mercy. It has been a long time since Babbittannia listened to such strong language from such an authoritative source, and I should like to have seen the collective face of the Merchants' Association of New York as it gave ear to the speaker's beautifully ironic allusion to

> . . . the agony of the hard-headed manager who has stood on his head successfully all his life, viewing the supreme achievement of a business enterprise as a reduction in the pay roll coupled with an increased output; who has not felt the slightest responsibility for maintaining mass purchasing power; and who is now suddenly asked to stand on his feet, and, when no longer looking at the world upside down, to observe that employees are really customers, and that the supreme achievement of a business enterprise may be to pay out as much money as possible in wages without producing more goods than the market will absorb.

What I mean, of course, is that I should have enjoyed seeing the faces of those who understood what the speaker was saying. It is reliably reported that he managed not to smile when he told them that their cooperation would be wholly voluntary. That was quite a feat, but it was hardly a nice way to treat a good, simple, and expressive world like "voluntary." The cotton textile people learned how "voluntary" their part was to be when the heavy-handed General Johnson got them behind closed doors. Undoubtedly he acted for their own good, but some children just will not take castor oil unless their noses are held.

* * * * *

IT is often and pertinently asked what the United States Supreme Court will say about the constitutionality of some of the Roosevelt measures. Certainly there are at least three reactionary old men on that bench who would take profound satisfaction in standing by their plutocratic concepts of society if they knew the mob was battering at the door, and there may be more than three. That eventuality already has been seriously considered here by persons interested in the success of the new deal. There are ways of meeting it. Congress could pass an act requiring members of the court to retire upon passing the age of retirement. That would remove two of the worst. It would also remove the best, Justice Brandeis, but that could be met by a provision enabling the President by executive order to extend the tenure of designated Justices who had reached the age limit. Or the size of the court could be increased by law to permit the appointment of additional Justices whose ideas developed subsequent to the year 1880. It has been done. If this reporter knows anything about the temper of the present Administration, it will never permit the whole economic structure of this country to be disrupted and demoralized because less than a half a dozen dyspeptic old men are determined to uphold precedents established before the invention of the telephone. As has often been made clear on these pages, I do not relish these encroachments of the executive upon the prerogatives of the other branches, but sometimes a condition arises which must be dealt with. The blame for such bad precedents properly rests on those who produce the conditions.

* * * * *

RECOGNITION of Soviet Russia apparently has been hastened by public reaction to the step taken by the R. F. C. when, in substance, it lent $4,000,000 to a government whose legal existence we refuse to admit. All signs indicate that the loan was a "feeler," and that failure of public opinion to manifest any resentment will be followed by a much larger one, possibly $25,000,000 or even $100,000,000. The first loan was to enable Russia to buy our cotton; the next presumably will enable her to buy other American products, particularly copper. The old myth that recognition must wait upon payment of debts contracted by the imperial and provisional Russian governments looks pretty sorry in the light of what has happened to the debts owed us by governments which we do recognize. It is somewhat appalling to think of the mischief which one man, such as Charles Evans Hughes, can do in the course of a long and industrious life. It would be interesting to know just how much in cold dollars we have lost through our failure to recognize Russia.

* * * * *

IT has not been my custom to hold the majority of my countrymen in extravagant esteem. Indeed, I have never forgotten the observation of my venerable contemporary, H. L. Mencken, that they are probably the greatest aggregation of poltroons and scoundrels ever assembled under one flag. Nevertheless, I have been genuinely startled by the volume of mail I have received from *Nation* readers expressing their rank incredulity that anyone would fail to beat the government out of his fair share of income taxes if he thought he could stay out of jail. That persons in that moral state exist in this country in large numbers, I was well aware, but I simply cannot imagine how they ever happened to hear of, much less read, *The Nation*. Do they pick it up in barber shops and dentists' waiting rooms? In that connection permit me to plead in passing that I cannot possibly answer all the letters from persons who were impressed—one way or another—by my gentle comments on

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the House of Morgan. To the many who were kind, I tender my thanks herewith. To the others I will only say that they wasted their time, because under no circumstances would I be interested in the judgments or opinions of people who believe that it is perfectly all right to cheat if you are not caught.

* * * * *

HAROLD ICKES is rapidly being recognized as one of the strongest characters in the Cabinet. This should surprise nobody in Chicago, but in the East he was, prior to his appointment, curiously unknown. I say curiously, because a man who had spent a substantial part of his life defending Chicago against the piratical raids of Sam Insull should have enjoyed a national reputation. At any rate, the vigor and determination with which he took hold of the public-works program was a lesson to those who did not know him. Some of his appointments—notably those of Slattery, Glavis, and Margold—have been excellent. They induce the reflection that one of the things wrong with this country in recent years was the failure of those governing it to avail themselves of the brains scattered around it. Coolidge assumed that thinking was unnecessary in government, and Hoover thought he could do it all. If the foregoing sounds a trifle lyrical it is because I am happy over finding myself surrounded, after all these years, by swarms of men and women actually possessing character and intelligence. Maybe it's all a dream.

Why Conferences Fail

By HAROLD J. LASKI

London, June 26

I.

IN the first fortnight of the Economic Conference, certain general truths about all international conferences have emerged with striking force. (1) It is a mistake to hold such a conference unless the preparation has been complete enough either to lay down the broad lines of agreement or to confront its members with decisive alternatives. In the present case, it is clear that there has been no such preparation. (2) It is a mistake to hold such a conference unless its terms of reference are limited and specific. Otherwise the inevitable result is that all national divergences come forthwith to the surface, and in the effort to secure some kind of agreement which may save the conference's face, broad general resolutions are passed in which the reservations are so many, the vagueness so profound, that these resolutions cease to have definite meaning.

It is already obvious that the character of the present conference involves this outcome of its deliberations. At the most, it will pass pious resolutions of principle which seek to obscure the inherent conflicts now daily expressed; and each state will be asked to implement their general tenor in its own way. To regard the conference as a gateway to recovery is already an attitude impossible to any observer who wishes to be taken seriously.

II.

That fact emerged in the first general debate. No speech contained a specific program. We knew, without a conference, that wholesale prices ought to rise, that currency needs to be stabilized, that tariffs are too high, that international debts are a menace, and economic nationalism a disaster. Often Ramsay MacDonald repeated his well-known plea for cooperation, without any indication of how it was to be obtained; and most other speakers offered the news that the conference met at a grave crisis and urged that something must be done. Commissions were set up on currency and commercial policy, which have given birth to enough subcommissions to provide all the more important delegates with either a chairmanship or the position of a rapporteur.

The conference has not yet seriously confronted its first great dilemma. Tariff reductions are essential if the wheels of international trade are to be set moving; but tariff reductions cannot be contemplated until currency stability has been achieved. The domestic situation of America renders any early settlement of this latter issue unlikely; and it is apparent to most delegates that until Mr. Roosevelt's policy of inflation has reached some equilibrium, no state is likely to risk the invasion of its market by goods whose power to penetrate is simply a function of depreciated currency. Washington's rejection of the central bankers' settlement has brought into the open a divergency of interest between Europe and America which prevents any decisive outcome of the crisis for a considerable period.

The depth of the economic nationalisms here in conflict is obviously profound. The attitude of the British seems to be that while they will make some concessions for a stable currency, everyone's tariff is open to question except their own. France wants a return to gold, and appears to have no other predominant interest; her plea for a great program of international public works, and for shorter hours, struck a dumb note on the conference piano. The Germans, through Herr Hugenberg, put forward, and then repudiated, a fantastic memorandum demanding colonies in Africa and territory in Russia, seemingly on the basis that Germany, in terms of the Spenglerian philosophy, is a "virile" nation. This apart, the only German contribution appears to be Dr. Schacht's comprehensive effort to avoid German inflation by repudiating, so far as he can, all foreign indebtedness. Russia contributed, through M. Litvinov, an excellent essay on the contradictions of capitalism; and Mr. Soong said simply and truly that an increase in the Chinese standard of life would go far to promote world recovery by the new purchasing power it would create.

America's position has not been wholly clear. Mr. Hull made a speech on the evils of economic nationalism; but his proposal for a 10 per cent cut in tariffs—if it was his—was promptly repudiated by Senator Pittman. The latter has applauded plans for the remonetization of silver; and Senator Couzens has emphasized, what Mr. Hull has denied, the divergence between the President's policy and that of recovery

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by international action. What exactly America really wants, no one seems to know. I think it is fair to say that, so far, her delegation has merely increased the confusion of an already confused conference. It is a great pity, for a decisive and concrete lead from America was the only hope of the conference discussing its issues in an atmosphere of reality. As it is, no one can now say where the conference is drifting; it has become a rudderless ship. Mr. MacDonald harangues the press to the effect that he is optimistic despite "little setbacks"; but he has revealed to no one the grounds upon which he bases his optimism.

III.

The course of the Economic Conference in London has resembled notably that of Geneva on disarmament. So long as it remains on the high plateau of vague generalization, its members can give ardent utterance to the stock commonplaces of the day. Once it descends to the problem of concrete application, it becomes obvious that economic nationalism has created a body of vested interests whose claims are irreconcilable. The British government dare not make a free-trade gesture for fear of the Tory eagerness for tariffs and the economic imperialism of Ottawa. The French will not abandon their complex system of quotas and embargoes for fear of endangering the unsteady equilibrium they have maintained through the depression. Germany has no economic policy; and Japan must, somehow, flood the markets of the world with sweated goods in order to pay for her imperialist adventure in China. Southern and Eastern Europe tremble on the abyss of economic disaster, unable to move effectively in the absence of international agreement by the great states. America is too preoccupied with her own internal problems to act decisively upon any problem, from debts to tariffs, which implies a limitation of the domestic policy to which her main attention is given.

This is, in effect, a conference called to secure international planning as the necessary condition of a unified and interdependent world. What it reveals is the impossibility of any such achievement in a world of capitalist states. The distribution of the results involves hazards for the interests upon which their governments depend too dangerous for them to incur. None is able to confront the necessary implications of economic internationalism because each confronts internal forces which are too zealous for their own chance of individual well-being to make sacrifices for the common good. There can only be international planning, whether in the realm of disarmament or of economic matters, when the interest of states in the result is an equal interest. The inherent logic of a capitalist world is inequality; and this conference is merely a supreme illustration of the contradiction between world needs and an institutional system which denies their title to primary consideration.

ONE VIEW OF THE LONDON CONFERENCE

(Cartoon by Low in the *Manchester Guardian*)

Mr. MacDonald said that the thowts of the wurruld were with them. They must co-operate
M. Daladier of France favoured co-operation in so far as it gave other nations the opportunity to make sacrifices for France.
Mr. Chamberlain of Britain believed in co-operation if it gave Britain an advantage over other nations.
Signor Jung of Italy supported co-operation if Italy got the thick end of the deal.
An interval here took place during which Dr. Dollfuss was exhibited free of charge.
THE CONFERENCE THEN ADJOURNED, THE HALL BEING NEEDED FOR A CONFERENCE OF AMERICANS TO DECIDE WHO HAS THEIR POLICY, IF ANY.
CONFERENCE HALL
Baron Neurath of Germany would co-operate if everybody would give Germany something.
Litvinoff of Russia said that all the Capitalist System needed was a stick of dynamite. It was felt that he was Trying to turn the occasion into an Economic Conference and he was voted no gentleman.
LOW

BRILLIANT SUCCESS OF THE CONFERENCE SO FAR.

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Walter Lippmann
III. Obfuscator de Luxe

By AMOS PINCHOT

IT has been the practice of some well known writers to dress commonplace ideas in sumptuous garments as a preliminary to risking them in the arena of controversy. Whether or not these verbal coverings are designed to conceal the age and deficiencies of the thought content—just as gaudy trappings cover worn-out horses in the Spanish bull-ring—is a matter of no importance. Whatever the purpose, it is not a legitimate one. For the object of the writer should be to deal so frankly with his readers that they will carry away an exact instead of a confused understanding of what he desires to say.

As I have already said, Mr. Lippmann's style is good. Yet despite his grace and lucidity his meaning is often far from clear. Frequently he uses words, sentences, and even paragraphs in antiphonal array, from which the gist emerges only after a process of cancelation that leaves a residue that is small compared with the totality of statement. And often, as one reads on, it becomes evident that this residue is precisely what Mr. Lippmann did not mean.

But what is especially noteworthy in Mr. Lippmann, as a successful publicist, is that, through skilful phraseology and constant citation of authorities, he attains impressiveness with a substance that is distinctly banal. Indeed, so many examples of commonplace thinking disguised by form and supported by references to other writers, invite the attention, that one hardly knows what to choose. One is tempted, therefore, to stroll, so to speak, through the galleries of Lippmanniana, pausing only now and then before some particularly arresting example of the writer's art.

In "A Preface to Politics," he is discussing political reform, and especially the unwisdom of attacking the trusts through political action. After quoting Graham Wallas and Gilbert Chesterton to reinforce this point, he writes:

> Life is an irreversible process and for that reason its future can never be a repetition of the past. This insight we owe to Bergson. The application of it to politics is not difficult because politics is one of the interests of life.

Aside from their phraseological virtues, his sentences have little value. In the first place, they are obviously false, since, in politics, it is axiomatic that history does constantly repeat itself. In the second place, his citation of Bergson, in support of the cliché that the past never returns, is a trick, though perhaps an unconscious one, by which he saves himself from the platitudinous. Passing over the fact that Bergson does not say, in the sense employed by Mr. Lippmann, that the future can never be a repetition of the past, it would almost seem as though, upon writing "Life is an irreversible process," Mr. Lippmann had suddenly realized that he had fallen into the ditch of banality, and called upon Bergson to pull him out so that he could proceed on his way.

"We are homeless in a jungle of machines," writes Mr. Lippmann in "Drift and Mastery," "and untamed powers that haunt and lure the imagination. . . . No mariner ever enters upon a more uncharted sea than does the average human being born into the twentieth century." And the naive reader bows before Mr. Lippmann, convinced that something significant has been said. Unaware that he has been offered a cream puff, obtainable in any bakery, he devours it in the belief that he is sitting down to a lord mayor's banquet.

In a curious passage, he tells of the concern which, in his opinion, the middle-class person feels as to "who are 'the best people,' and who are the 'impossible,'" and of the "sleepless nights over whether you were correctly dressed, or whether you will be invited to be seen with Mrs. So-and-So." He cites the sad fact that the edifice of class feeling makes "sheep out of those who conform and freaks out of those who rebel." Here, passing over the rather gross exaggeration of the snobbery of the middle-class American, we see that once more phraseology rescues Mr. Lippmann. And we might almost expect him further to buttress his platitude by "This insight we owe to Emily Post." Yet, when all is said and done, it is not the phrase that makes the writer, though in many instances it "makes" the reader. An illusion of distinguished thought conveyed by a knack of words is a strong drug for the seduction of lazy minds.

On June 12, 1933, Mr. Lippmann is delivering a commencement address to the students of the senior class of Union College. He is discussing the farm bill and the industrial recovery act. The point he is making is, or should be, a quite simple and understandable one. To wit, if we are to have a managed industrial order, in which anti-trust laws are shelved and monopoly legalized, the working out of such a scheme requires a tariff wall high enough to prevent foreign competition. European governments, he says, are already reaching such a conclusion.

> If you look abroad you will see an amazingly similar development in almost every important country. . . . The essential purpose, the desire to organize a stable and planned and protected economic order is now tending to dominate the policy of the great powers. This new philosophy [i. e. the union of managed industry and high tariffs] has a strange parentage.

Whereupon, he addresses the following bewildering paragraph to his youthful hearers.

> The student of history will recognize, I think, that this union of ideas has been foreshadowed as a possibility for more than a hundred years. It is one of the conceivable developments of the philosophy of Alexander Hamilton. It is very clearly indicated in the conservatism of Disraeli. It becomes even more definite in the nationalism of Bismarck. In the field of the social sciences the basic conception of a national economy, as distinguished from the cosmopolitan economic philosophy of Adam Smith, was worked out by Friedrich List as long ago as 1841.

Now, the proposal to abolish trust laws and manage industry behind a tariff wall is an old story. The trusts and their lobbyists have been advocating it at Washington for about half a century. Although Mr. Lippmann's hearers

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are perhaps unaware of it, when he speaks of "management" in the field of industry he is in reality speaking of our old friend, regulation. But it would hardly do to call it regulation; because a considerable part of the public is well aware that the catch in regulation is that, up to now, it has never worked in the public interest. The regulators, as the history of the utilities shows, are almost invariably controlled by the interests they are supposed to regulate. That is one reason why big business has so joyfully greeted the industrial recovery act. It is fairly confident that the regulators will be open to reason. And, should they prove obdurate, such questions as prices, wages, and limitation of product will be carried to the courts under the Fourteenth Amendment of the federal Constitution which forbids confiscation. If, as a move against the depression, we are to legalize monopoly and raise the tariff higher than even Senator Grundy proposed, that is one thing. But let us discuss it frankly, and acknowledge its dangers to independent industry and the consumer. Nevertheless, by a process of obfuscation, Mr. Lippmann surrounds this problem with an atmosphere of mystery. He diverts attention to its philosophical aspects, and confuses the issue by citing five authorities in the same number of sentences. He leaves his hearers clear about nothing, except that the subject is a profound one and that Mr. Lippmann is an extremely erudite man.

Meantime, what can a college senior gather from being told that an idea is a "conceivable development" of Hamilton's philosophy? Is Hamilton so sacred an authority that, in discussing the farm and recovery bills, he should be cited as to a "union of ideas," which, according to Mr. Lippmann himself, is not a part of Hamilton's philosophy, but only a "conceivable development" of it? It is true that, in Mr. Lippmann's eyes, Hamilton is the political hero of the Western world. In "The Phantom Public," when Mr. Lippmann names the four "great state builders of modern times," Hamilton is his American entry. And to one versed in Mr. Lippmann's present philosophy this is not remarkable. For Hamilton was the first strong advocate of plutocratic fascism in America. He stood for a government controlled by the rich. He stood, in the Constitutional Convention, for a President elected for life, with a final veto power over the decisions of both houses of Congress and the State legislatures. He spoke for an absolutism almost as extreme as that of Lenin, Mussolini, or Hitler—whose recent "peace" speech, by the way, Mr. Lippmann greeted in his column of May 19 as a "genuinely statesmanlike address," and as "the authentic voice of a genuinely civilized people."

What is the purpose of Mr. Lippmann's reference to Hamilton? Why does he tell the seniors that a union of managed industry and prohibitive tariffs is indicated in Disraeli's conservatism and Bismarck's nationalism? What bearing has the fact, if it is a fact, that in the field of social sciences "the basic conception of a national economy, as distinguished from the cosmopolitan economic philosophy of Adam Smith," was worked out in the year of our Lord 1841 by the redoubtable Friedrich List? It has no bearing at all. And it is pompous nonsense. Nor has it any place in my discussion of Mr. Lippmann, except as presenting a typical case in which the Great Elucidator elucidates nothing but the alleged richness of his background. And, finally, what are the sadly perplexed members of Union '33 to do on receipt of these pearls of wisdom? Are they to rise from their seats and cheer for Mr. Lippmann, or for Hamilton, Disraeli, or Bismarck? Or will their alert cheer leader meet the occasion by proposing nine rahs and a tiger for that great economic quarterback, List, '41?

I have little hesitation in writing somewhat frankly about Mr. Lippmann. He has been the subject of so much eulogy from men in high place that a dash of criticism should be welcome, as tending to balance the scales. James Truslow Adams, for instance, who is not so popular an author as Mr. Lippmann, but who daily grows in the esteem of a clientele rather similar to Mr. Lippmann's, spoke of him in the *Saturday Review* last January as "the only national leader who has appeared in these post-war years . . . he is the most important leader of American public opinion today and a genuinely great one."

It would be interesting to learn how Mr. Lippmann arrived at greatness. And luckily we have hints, some in autobiographical form, which throw light on the question. In "A Preface to Politics," he writes two interesting sentences: "I know of one reformer who devotes a good deal of his time to intimate talks with powerful conservatives. He explains them to themselves; never after do they exercise their power with the same unquestioning ruthlessness." There is no doubt that the unnamed reformer was not Mr. Lippmann himself, but Lincoln Steffens. But the point is that, whoever inspired these words, they were, as events proved, prophetic of Mr. Lippmann's adoption of the evangelical technique of reform which he has followed for so many years.

Unfortunately, however, the evangelical method is apt to work with, so to speak, reverse English. The missionaries are too often converted by the heathen, as is shown by the history of Mr. Lippmann himself. And this is not strange. For the well-found camp of privilege is a more agreeable abiding place than that of the obscure, forlorn liberals and radicals. It has more to offer the talented publicist. I do not mean in money only, but in position, prestige, and many things which are soothing to the human heart. As for big business, it is not open to conversion. On this planet, at least, it is organized firmly on a revenue basis. And irrespective of the missionary brethren, it does the thing, and nothing but the thing, that in its judgment pays best.

Whether or not this conjecture as to how Mr. Lippmann came to cast himself in the role of ambassador of goodwill to the philistines—a David with a smile instead of a sling—the fact remains that he has so cast himself. And in this role he sees even the staunchest enemies of liberalism as disinterested men, whom a little tenderness will turn into enlightened citizens. In an editorial in the New York *World* entitled A Statesman of Big Business, he refers to Mr. Gary as a man who, with "the eye of a statesman . . . saw that confused competition [in the steel business] would give way, as already in the oil and sugar industries, to monopolistic mergers." And in an imaginary dialogue in "Public Opinion" between an industrialist and a labor leader, each of whom states his case with "perfect sincerity," he chooses Mr. Gary to represent the industrialist.

To Mr. Lippmann, Gary may be a statesman, though Morgan was a past master of monopolistic control long before Gary came on the scene. But, in history, Gary's name will live chiefly because, with the backing of Morgan, he succeeded for twenty years in holding the steel workers to starvation wages and the twelve-hour day, and in crushing

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unionism and collective bargaining. He knew little about steel making. He was a negotiator, propagandist, and supersalesman. In his dealings with labor and the public, he never yielded an inch to fairness except under compulsion. As head of the Morgan trust, he had immense political influence. He sidetracked the investigation of the Steel Corporation, begun in Roosevelt's time, so that the findings were not published until seven years after Roosevelt left office.

Gary learned thrift from his father, who, a friendly biographer tells us, was himself so thrifty that when he went shooting he never discharged his gun until he had two birds in line. Unctuous as a Mormon elder, relentless, resourceful, untiring, Elbert H. Gary, worthy scion of a horse-trading Methodist family, mixed his meaner virtues with all the vices but vice. Yet Gary is Mr. Lippmann's "statesman of big business." There are plenty of decent, able men in American business. Why does he choose Gary?

Again seeking autobiographical data as to the coming of age of Mr. Lippmann's eminence, we turn to a pamphlet called "A Preface to Walter Lippmann," which I referred to in a previous article. Though this pamphlet is a reprint of an article by Beverly Smith which appeared in the *American Magazine,* it may, I think, be accepted as authorized, if not autobiographical, for various reasons. First, the writer quotes interviews with Mr. Lippmann in a manner that shows an understanding relationship: " 'If Dwight Morrow had lived,' he said to me recently, 'the entire course of the last Congress would have been different.' "

In the second place, the "Preface" first appeared as an article in the *American Magazine,* the property of the Crowell Publishing Company, of which Mr. Lippmann's friend, Thomas Lamont of J. P. Morgan and Company, is a director. It is unlikely that the *American Magazine* would publish a piece dealing with Mr. Lippmann's writings, his career, and his social and family life unless Mr. Lippmann had approved it. In the third place, the "Preface" has been republished and is being circulated as a promotional pamphlet by the New York *Herald Tribune,* on whose staff Mr. Lippmann glows as the chief luminary. And it is inconceivable that the *Herald Tribune* would do this without Mr. Lippmann's consent.

In "A Preface to Walter Lippmann," we are told that the Harvard professors all agreed that Lippmann had "the ablest mind" among the new graduates; that Lippmann was the "close friend" of William James, who sought Lippmann out in his study to congratulate him upon his undergraduate writing; that President Theodore Roosevelt and President Wilson were his warm friends and admirers; that he is too open-minded to have a program; that he is "the Man with the Flashlight Mind, the Great Elucidator"; that when he joined the *Herald Tribune*

> The demand for Lippmann grew like a snowball. And the call for him came, surprisingly, from bankers, business men, merchants, professional men;

that, as to the depression,

> . . . he is profoundly convinced that if the American people face the situation courageously, open-eyed and resolute, they can conquer their difficulties. The spirit is what matters;

that, as a result of the depression, "we are turning back to an older ideal"; that Rollin Kirby, when examined as to the color of Lippmann's eyes, replied: "I haven't the slightest idea"; but that Mr. Smith himself discovered that

> they are brown with a trace of gold or copper-color . . . and . . . singularly alive and compelling . . . his most striking feature;

that Mr. Lippmann works in a

> monklike retreat. . . . He cannot even look out of the windows, which are cut through the walls high above his head. He starts work on his daily article at 8:30 in the morning and usually finishes the 700 to 1,200 words in about two hours—very fast for prose of such careful construction;

that Lippmann is "calm, serene, detached, impartial . . ."; that he is the friend of "a score of leading business men and financiers"; and especially the friend of two Morgan partners besides Mr. Lamont (whom, strangely enough, the pamphlet does not mention).

On the other hand, we learn that he is a liberal, and that he has even had Socialist friends; that he was for a time the secretary of a Socialist mayor in Schenectady, who represented "really a reform rather than a socialist group." But it is made clear that Mr. Lippmann's excursion to the foothills of radicalism was brief, and that it happened long, long ago. "Theirs was a mild socialism, of the H. G. Wells type," says the promotional pamphlet, "but was considered rather bold in those days." And as to his employment by Mayor Lunn, it is explained that, being bored with the subeditorship of *Everybody's Magazine,* "he snatched at the opportunity of a queer job which came his way." We learn that, despite the burden of his business or, rather, his writing, Mr. Lippmann manages to carry on an active social life on Long Island; that his tastes range from tennis to swimming and from "Italian Primitives to detective stories"; that he can "handle his fists upon occasion." On the whole, though most of it is not, in a strict sense, autobiographical, "A Preface to Walter Lippmann" may be regarded as an official portrait of the Great Elucidator.

But the passage which best explains the vogue of our publicist, who, according to its author, "performs the trick [of persuasion] so brilliantly sometimes that I half suspect it's all done with mirrors," is a conversation which took place between the *Herald Tribune* pamphleteer and a gentleman in a dining car who obviously represents the type of reader to whom Mr. Lippmann addresses Today and Tomorrow:

> The heavy-set gentleman across the breakfast table from me in the dining car pushed back his coffee cup, looked over at me, and jabbed his cigar emphatically at the newspaper column he was reading.
>
> "There's a man," he said, "who knows what he's talking about—this fellow Lippmann. He gets right at the heart of things and tells me what I want to know. I've never cared much about politics, myself. Without meaning to brag, I guess I'm a fairly hard-headed business man. I've never bothered my head about international finance, or Congressional appropriations, or national economic planning, or any of that truck. I'd rather read the commodity prices and the sports page."
>
> "Same here," I said, "except that I don't know anything about commodity prices."
>
> "But nowadays," continued my new friend, "with everything going to pot, I want to know *why.* We've got the same old country, haven't we? What's the matter with us? What's the government doing about it? What can

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we do to help along? This Lippmann seems to have the dope straighter than anybody else. I don't agree with him half the time. And he hasn't got any cure-all. But he explains what is going on so that a man can understand it."

He paused, puffed his cigar, and gave me a ponderous, amiable wink.

"And maybe my wife," he confided, "doesn't sit up and take notice when I explain to her the tie-up between the war debts and the tariff! I'm not telling *her* about Lippmann. No, sir. She's beginning to think I'm a master mind. What I would like to know is, who *is* this boy Lippmann, anyway?"

A lot of other people have been asking the same question lately. For Walter Lippmann has been catapulted into popular fame almost overnight. A year ago he was known to only a comparatively small group of readers, though he had gained considerable distinction as a New York newspaper editor, as an editor of so-called "liberal" periodicals, and as an author of books on philosophy and politics.

Today he can count his readers in millions.

With nothing we are told in "A Preface to Walter Lippmann" are we inclined to quarrel. Whatever may be said of its violation of the canons of good taste, the pamphlet is no doubt good salesmanship. It is a shrewd appeal, addressed to all possible readers who crave the excitement of being intellectual and progressive, and are nevertheless mindful of the importance of being considered regular at the bank and country club. To those of a frankly conservative turn of mind, Mr. Lippmann is sold with the assurance that he is sound; that his liberalism is tempered by the friendship of Morgan partners. In his promotional pamphlet, as elsewhere, Mr. Lippmann is characteristically out to please. So he must hold himself free to see that his writings shall bring the greatest pleasure to the greatest number.

In the Sacco-Vanzetti case, while Mr. Lippmann was editor of the *World*, his desire to maintain an attitude of unoffending independence is perhaps illustrated as well as anywhere else. Sacco and Vanzetti have been condemned to death after a trial in which bias and class feeling have obviously swayed both judge and jury. In the columns of the *World* Mr. Lippmann has published a number of really fine and eloquent pleas for a new trial and for executive clemency. He has warned the State of Massachusetts that the execution may mean a tragic miscarriage of justice. Governor Fuller, evading the responsibility of deciding the question, has appointed a commission of three men to review the evidence. And this review, which is one of the most remarkable pieces of impassioned, special pleading that a quasi-judicial body ever handed down, has sealed the doom of the two men. In consequence, Sacco and Vanzetti have been put to death.

At this juncture, what has Mr. Lippmann to say? First, he congratulates the human race upon the courage and unselfishness with which President Lowell and Dr. Stratton have done their duty. (For some reason, the third commissioner, Judge Grant, is not mentioned.)

> In that effort at understanding it should be possible, within a reasonable time, for disinterested men on both sides of this controversy to collaborate. For amidst all the confusion of hysteria and of partisanship there remained one thing which is a credit to the human race. There were men in Massachusetts who were willing to stake their reputations, to sacrifice their comfort, to face danger, in an effort to get at the truth. They were men who had everything to lose and nothing to gain by their voluntary and unrewarded participation in this case. They have served their State, and the cause of justice as they saw it. We should feel that we had failed in our obligation did we not pay our respects to these men.
>
> And so, although we had to question the conclusiveness of their report, the *World* wishes to record its understanding of the ordeal through which President Lowell and Dr. Stratton have passed. Neither of these men can conceivably have desired any connection with the matter. To both it must have been an utterly painful duty which they could not honorably evade. For both it must have meant a horrible interruption in their personal lives and their professional careers. (Editorial in the New York *World*, August 24, 1927.)

Then, having appeased the element of public opinion which had cried for the blood of the dead men, Mr. Lippman turns his attention to Felix Frankfurter, William J. Thompson, and Arthur D. Hill, who devotedly fought to save Sacco and Vanzetti; and lifts them to precisely the same pedestal with Lowell and Stratton:

> By the same token, regardless of one's own opinion, it would be snide indeed not to recognize the services of those citizens of Massachusetts who befriended the two dead men, though there was no bond of sympathy except their common humanity and no motive except a desire to see justice prevail. Among those who gave freely, and at great cost to themselves, three names stand out. They are William J. Thompson, Arthur D. Hill, and Felix Frankfurter. They failed in their efforts to have the case retried, but they placed indelibly on the record the fact that there are men in Massachusetts now, as in the past, who are ready to uphold the rights of the humblest and the most despised. Those who are prepared to generalize glibly about the conservative classes in Boston and about Harvard might remember these three names. For they stand very high and very honorably in the roster of patriots.

And this he follows up two days later with an editorial praising Governor Fuller for his courage and honesty, though regretting that he did not have "profundity" when "confronted with a profound issue."

Thus, with the "despised" defendants dead and under the ground, it is incumbent upon Mr. Lippmann to heal the wounds of the living. If the conservatives of the Back Bay have been nettled by doubts cast by the *World* on the justice of the execution, that irritation must be allayed. If anyone has gained the impression that an irrevocable wrong has been done to innocent men, and a lasting stigma attached to the courts, that impression must fade. If Heywood Broun, a great journalist and, I think, a great man who has done more to promote clear thinking, justice, and kindly commonsense than any American writer of his time, has been dismissed from the *World* for too earnest an espousal of the cause of Sacco and Vanzetti, that must be forgotten. The important thing is that the contending factions should be united by a common appreciation of Walter Lippmann's fairness.

And so Mr. Lippmann takes his way back to his penthouse tower, leaving his public with the comforting assurance that, whatever may have happened to Sacco and Vanzetti, the honor of Massachusetts is safe.

(The fourth and concluding article on Walter Lippmann will appear in an early issue.)

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La Guardia for Mayor of New York

By ARTHUR GARFIELD HAYS

TAMMANY, corrupt, exposed, but still unchastened, once more faces a mayoralty election. Never in the history of New York City, however, has it incurred the resentment and wrath of so many and so diverse foes. A crushing tax burden and the failure to apply real economy measures have driven into the camp of its enemies many of its former allies. The revelations of the Seabury investigation, coupled with Tammany's brazen refusal to clean house, have alienated even the ordinarily apathetic citizen.

New York City teeters on the brink of a financial crisis. The five-cent fare, the only benefit the city ever derived from its unproductive investments in the privately operated subways, is threatened. The Board of Education has ceased the licensing of new teachers and the construction of sorely needed new buildings. The rising burden of unemployment relief renders absurd the promise of a balanced budget. With tax collections steadily dwindling, even the salaries of the city's army of 100,000 civil servants are in danger.

The Society of Tammany seems not a whit perturbed. Tammany has never claimed to be a philanthropic organization. Its success is due to its business methods and to the dividends it pays. Its opponents and decriers are presumed to be disinterested, self-sacrificing, non-professional public-spirited citizens, amateur fighters for the public weal. It is not surprising that Tammany's professionals put them to rout.

In the coming election it is safe to say that practically the only supporters of Tammany will be those who will gain, either directly or indirectly, by its success. The fixer in the Magistrate's Court, the deputy who never visits his office, the lawyer who is constantly appointed a referee, the armies who thrive on the city moneys as office-holders, contractors, and what-not, will not falter or grow weary in their fight for Tammany. The independent, the disgusted, the disinterested voters clearly outnumber the Tammany faithful. The difficulty is and always has been in galvanizing and uniting the opposition. Tammany's strength lies not so much in its own numbers as in the disunity and bickering of its foes.

Fusion candidates can no longer content the electorate with the pledge of "good government." The cry of "corruption" is feeble indeed, compared with the issues of a five-cent fare, decent housing, tax relief. A program, as well as a personality, is necessary. The formula for a revolt against Tammany is well known by this time. The fusion forces under the leadership of those Republicans who are not jackals to the Tammany tiger nominate an independent Democrat, preferably a Catholic. Some modification in this formula is necessary today because of the growing importance of the Socialist and independent vote. Independent Democrats whom the formula fits are difficult to find. Samuel Seabury refused the fusion nomination; Joseph V. McKee, whose brief stay in office electrified 234,372 pencil wielders, has removed himself from consideration; Alfred E. Smith is bound by sentimental ties to the sachems of Fourteenth Street; Ferdinand Pecora is too close to Tammany. Norman Thomas would be a splendid candidate but he would probably not accept a Republican indorsement, nor have they sense enough to offer it to him. One man of incorruptible integrity, a vigorous fighter with practical political experience, stands preeminent as a possible candidate. He is Fiorello H. La Guardia.

Major La Guardia, the only Republican who has carried a city-wide election since 1901, was elected president of the Board of Aldermen in 1919. In the House of Representatives his work has won him the designation, the "Roistering Rebel." He is the only member of the lower House who was described as a man of real merit in "Washington Merry-Go-Round" and "Sons of the Wild Jackass," exposés of life on Capitol Hill. To gain distinction and without political backing to wield power in the regimented atmosphere of the lower House are rare accomplishments. By conscientious preparation, by dramatic presentation, by independence and courage, La Guardia has forced acknowledgement of his ability and leadership in every progressive cause.

During one of the never-ending coal strikes in Pennsylvania he visited the mines and returned to Congress to describe the miners' squalor in unforgettable language. In a New York strike La Guardia went on the picket line. On one occasion in a debate, to focus attention on high meat prices, he drew from his pocket a tiny lamb chop which he declared cost him thirty cents. It was Congressman La Guardia who flew to Boston the night before Sacco and Vanzetti were executed to plead personally with Governor Fuller.

In 1929 Walker defeated La Guardia by about 500,000 votes, but La Guardia's campaign statements that year were treated as mere wild and reckless charges. The average voter, whose head was enmeshed in a wreath of ticker tape, simply could not believe La Guardia's charges of official corruption. It remained for a legislative investigating committee with an appropriation of $750,000 to prove the truth of his charges. As the New York *Times* has stated: "If there is anyone who has the right to say "I told you so,' it is La Guardia."

The Mayor of New York must know not only the city government and its budget, but also the political game and how to play it. It has been said that Tammany loves the individual but despises "the people," while the reformers love "the people" but despise the individual. La Guardia will not make that error. His lack of swank is one of his identifying characteristics. The Mayor of New York must avoid the rigidity, the self-righteousness, and the bungling ineptness of the merely good-government reformer. He must have in mind a "Who's Who" of the grafters, chair-warmers, favorite contractors, and the vast and varied medley that prey on the city treasury. La Guardia has held office for twenty years. He knows New York City politics and its politicians.

La Guardia's defeat in 1929 was caused in large measure by the fact that the Republican organization deliberately knifed its own candidate. He was too radical for the Republicans and so, as La Guardia says, they voted for Norman Thomas. After La Guardia's defeat no less than twelve Republican clubs of Italian-Americans left that party. It is said that since then the enrolment of Italian-Americans in the Democratic Party has increased 50 per cent. The vote of this group, comprising from 350,000 to 375,000 persons, is

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not to be overlooked. La Guardia has also a tremendous following among the Jewish voters and is strong with labor. He appeals to independent Democrats who like to regard themselves as progressive.

In 1932 John P. O'Brien, Democrat, received 1,056,119 votes; Lewis H. Pounds, Republican, 443,901; Morris Hillquit, Socialist, 249,589; Joseph V. McKee, independent, 234,372; while 227,309 persons who voted did not even take the trouble to pull down the lever for mayor. The anti-Tammany vote was therefore 1,155,171, exceeding the Democratic total. If La Guardia retains most of the Republican and independent vote and gains the support of labor, he may be the next Mayor of New York.

Fusion leaders have a real opportunity. La Guardia as mayor can end the banker domination of City Hall; he can begin with federal funds to raze the dingy rookeries of the poor and erect in their place garden apartments; he can drive out the political parasites that drain the city's blood; he can make transit unification a fact and not a shibboleth. Liberals will not need to blush for the Board of Education and, more important, La Guardia as a practical politician can build up a machine or a following that may make for permanence in the never-ending fight against Tammany. La Guardia has the personality, the integrity, the record, the program, and the philosophy. In addition he is more likely to be elected than anyone else in sight.

The Intellectuals of the World and Hitler

By KARL LANGER

Vienna, June 29

THIS year's annual congress of the International P. E. N. Clubs which met during the last week in May in the Jugoslav town of Dubrovnik (Ragusa) on the Adriatic, presented a sorry picture of the lack of moral stamina and convictions of the literary world. The first P. E. N. Club was founded in Great Britain for the express purpose of promoting international solidarity among writers and freedom of literary expression. Since then the movement has spread to forty nations in Europe and America, and is today the most respected and numerically the strongest organization of creative intellectuals in the world.

It seems self-evident that the assemblage should take a stand on the ousting by Hitler Germany of some of the German Pen Club's most distinguished members, on its suppression of all independent literary activity, on its burning of the works of Germany's foremost writers, and on the persecution of its outstanding artists, authors, and scientists for reasons of race and conviction. The men of literature who had inscribed the fight for intellectual freedom on their banners could not possibly ignore the greatest spiritual tragedy of our decade.

The reactionary rulers of the Dritte Reich knew this only too well. The German section of the P. E. N. Club, usually represented at these international meetings by men like Hauptmann, Remarque, Feuchtwanger, Toller, Zweig, and the brothers Mann, having been purged of all radical and Semitic elements in the initial stages of National Socialist rule for its "racial, cultural, and political purification," was represented by Schmidt-Pauli, Elster, and Captain Busch, writers whose names are little known outside of Germany, but who make up for their obscurity by their absolute subservience to the Fascist cause. But not enough. The German government permitted participation only on the condition that the Dubrovnik congress take no formal action against its persecution of German authors and that the official delegates remain in constant touch by telephone with the proper authorities at home. It announced also that condemnation of the German government would result in the immediate suppression of the German P. E. N. Club.

Preposterous to relate, the threat of the cultural barbarians who have so successfully suppressed all opposition within the Reich was no less effective beyond national borders. Influential circles did their utmost to prevent an open break with the Nazi regime. The executive committee of the American Pen Club, through its only representative, Henry Seidel Canby, editor of the *Saturday Review of Literature,* had submitted a resolution which, it was piously hoped, would uphold the standards of the organization without precipitating it into "political altercations." It read:

> We, the members of the American Center of the P. E. N. Club, call upon all other centers to affirm once more those principles upon which the structure of this society was raised and call particular attention to those resolutions presented by the English, French, German, and Belgian delegates at the Fifth International Congress of P. E. N. Clubs in Brussels in 1927 and passed there unanimously:
>
> 1. Literature, national though it be in origin, knows no frontiers, and should remain common currency between nations in spite of political or international upheavals.
>
> 2. In all circumstances, and particularly in time of war, works of art, the patrimony of humanity at large, should be left untouched by national or political passion.
>
> 3. Members of the P. E. N. will at all times use what influence they have in favor of good understanding and mutual respect between the nations.
>
> We likewise call upon the international Congress to take definite steps to prevent the individual centers of the P. E. N., founded for the purpose of fostering good-will and understanding between races and nations, from being used as weapons of propaganda in the defense of persecution inflicted in the name of nationalism, racial prejudice, and political ill will.

The French, Polish, and Belgian delegations came prepared to submit a resolution of indignant protest against German terrorism; the Society of Socialist Authors in Austria, through its member Sonka, submitted a resolution signed by Oskar Maria Graf, Hermynia zur Muehlen, D. J. Bach, Fritz Bruegel, Josef Luitpold, and others which reiterated "the loyalty and warm friendship of the assembled delegates to all writers and others who have had to suffer for their words and works" and sent "greetings to Karl Von Ossietzky, Ludwig Renn, Erich Muehsam, Sigmund Freud, Heinrich

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Mann, Alfred Kerr, Jakob Wassermann, and all those other comrades who have been persecuted, banned, and burned in Germany." Of these resolutions the executive committee selected that of the American organization as a preliminary statement of opinion, and it was adopted by a unanimous vote. The Germans also voted in its favor, with the understanding that another resolution dealing specifically with the German situation would be taken up later. The French and German deputations were instructed to make an effort to agree on a statement that would be generally acceptable.

The committee returned with a resolution which condemned the burning of books and other injustices of the German government, with the announcement that the German delegation would vote for the resolution only if it were adopted without discussion. The Swiss delegate Schickelberger and the Austrian Felix Salten warmly seconded this proposal, but they had made their reckoning without their host. H. G. Wells, the chairman of the congress, declared that no group of delegates would be permitted to deprive the congress of its right of free discussion and threw the floor open to the meeting. In the heated altercation that followed Cremeaux (France) declared that it was an intolerable affront to every cultured human being to know that somewhere a fellow-man was being deprived of physical and spiritual liberty. Marinetti called attention to the fact that Fascist Italy has always observed scrupulous tolerance toward all religious faiths and took sharp issue with anti-Semitic intolerance in Germany. Felix Salten, the Austrian writer whose animal stories have enjoyed enormous popularity in Germany and in America, supported the position of the German delegation with the statement that "German Austria and Germany are one people, whose culture springs from the beginnings of the old Germanic race." Mr. Salten resigned the presidency of the Vienna Pen Club at its last general meeting on June 27, after his attitude at the congress had been criticized severely.

Thomas (Belgium) protested with such telling effect against the measures taken by the German government to suppress the freedom of thought and action of the literary profession that Busch (Germany) rose to protest and threatened in the name of his delegation to leave the congress if this discussion of German conditions were permitted to continue. The debate was thereupon shut off and the resolution adopted.

On the following day Ernst Toller, who represented the emigrant German members of the P. E. N. Club and was known to most of the delegates for his activity at previous international congress meetings, and Scholem Ash, the distinguished Yiddish-American poet and writer who has lived for years on European soil, were given the floor. In the previous session the German delegation had declared itself ready to reply to any charges that these men and others might bring, and on the strength of this promise Ash and Toller had willingly postponed their addresses which had been scheduled to take place during the earlier session. Much to the amazement of the delegates, the chairman opened the next day's meeting by reading a statement from the German delegation in which the latter announced, obviously under instructions from Berlin, its refusal to attend further sessions of the congress in view of the attacks upon Germany.

Scholem Ash presented the position of the German Jew in a voice that shook with emotion. Toller's speech on this occasion was the more remarkable because it attacked the intrinsic rather than the adventitious features of the Nazi regime, and in his indignation over the persecution of the Jew and the throttling of literature, did not forget the physical and spiritual suffering of the German masses.

What has the German Pen Club done, Mr. Toller asked, in protest against the expulsion from the country of Germany's most valuable scholars and university professors, such as Einstein, Zondek, Heller, Lederer, Schuecking, and Goldstein?

> Where [he asked] was the German Pen Club when artists like Bruno Walter, Klemperer, Weill, Busch, and Eisler were ousted from their work in Germany? What did the Pen Club do against the decision of the German Academy that excludes Kathe Kollwitz, Otto Dix, Hofer, and Klee from work at the Academy, that forced the brilliant painter Liebermann to leave the Academy because he considered it unworthy to continue in membership there? What has the Pen Club done about the discharge of great actors from German playhouses?
>
> What did the German Pen Club do about the exclusion of German writers from the protective society for German authors? What has it done about the blacklisting of authors whose works can no longer be printed in Germany or sold in German bookstores? What has the German Pen Club done to prevent the threatened boycott of the entire output of foreign publishers who print the works of these outlawed men of letters?
>
> The secretary of the German Pen Club today is a certain Herr von Leer. In his book, *"Juden sehen dich an,"* he had the temerity to speak of the Jew as the "devil in human form." Under pictures of Einstein, Ludwig, and Lessing he printed the caption "unhanged"; under the picture of the assassinated Erzberger, who, by the way, was no Jew, were the words "convicted at last." Will our German colleagues condemn this outbreak of barbarous madness? Will they expel Herr von Leer from the Pen Club?
>
> I am not speaking of my private fate, nor of the fate of all those men and women who are forced to live in exile today. It is hard enough not to see the land of one's birth, to be hounded, proscribed, hated by one's countrymen. But the sufferings of others have been worse. I shall be charged in Germany with having spoken against Germany. I oppose the methods of the men who rule Germany today but hold no brief to speak for the German people. Millions in Germany are forbidden to write and say what they think and believe. When I speak here I speak for those millions who have been deprived of their voices. The gentlemen call upon the shades of Germany's great men of the past. What is there in the works of Goethe, Schiller, Kleist, and Lessing that condones the suppression of a million people?
>
> I doubt whether we shall have many more occasions to come together on European soil to speak our opinions unhindered. The rebel is in danger everywhere today. But what of us? Who are we that the future of man should be sacrificed for our sakes? Let us overcome this fear that degrades and shames us. We must carry our fight into many by-ways. There may be ways that will lead us against each other; but in all of us there is the conviction of a humanity that is free of barbarity and lying, free from social injustice and oppression.

Jugoslavia, which many of us look upon as a land of uncultured peasants, greeted Toller's speech with a storm of approval. The lecture tour that followed his attendance at the congress was a triumphal procession. "I have rarely had the opportunity," commented Victor Rubcic, editor of the *Posta* in Sarajevo, "to see a man gain such popularity and win such honest acclaim within so short a time."

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The Comic Wisdom of S. N. Behrman

By JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

WHEN the Theater Guild produced "The Second Man" in the fall of 1928 S. N. Behrman was totally unknown. Since then he has written only two other plays which achieved an outstanding success, but there is no American dramatist who has more clearly defined or more convincingly defended an individual and specific talent. It is, as we shall see, difficult to discover in the rather commonplace incidents of his career any explanation of the fact that the whole cast of his mind should be as different as it is from that of any of his fellows, but from the very beginning it was evident that he had accepted and assimilated the Comic Spirit so successfully that he could write with a consistent clarity of thought and feeling unrivaled on our stage. With us farce, burlesque, sentimental romance, and even satire are common enough. They are, as a matter of fact, natural expressions of that superficial tendency toward irreverence which overlays the fundamental earnestness of the American character. Embarrassed by deep feeling or true comedy, we take refuge in the horse-play of farce or the ambiguities of "sophisticated" romance, where the most skittish of characters generally end by rediscovering a sentimentalized version of the eternal verities. But the remarkable thing about Mr. Behrman is the unerring way in which his mind cut through the inconsistency of these compromises, the clarity with which he realized that we must ultimately make our choice between judging men by their heroism or judging them by their intelligence, and the unfailing articulateness with which he defends his determination to choose the second alternative.

Several other American playwrights have hesitated upon the brink of the decision. One or two of them—Sidney Howard and Robert Sherwood, for instance—have written individual plays which all but defined their attitude and, indeed, Edwin Justin Mayer's almost unknown "Children of Darkness" is a masterpiece which may some day be rediscovered. But Mr. Behrman alone has been clear, persistent, and undeviating; he alone has emerged from the group by virtue of a surprising intellectual quality. One might have predicted him a generation hence. One might have foreseen that a definition as clear as his was bound to emerge and that someone in America would be bound to write comedy in the classical tradition—for the simple reason that such comedy is the inevitable product of a certain stage in the development of any nation's civilization. But the amazing thing was his sudden, unexpected emergency from obscurity with both attitude and technical skill fully formed.

The public was given no opportunity to discover Mr. Behrman until he had completely discovered himself, and "The Second Man" was not only a mature play—quite as good as anything he has written since—but actually a comedy about Comedy and therefore, by implication, the announcement of a program. All its accidental qualities were, of course, those common to nearly every work which even approaches the type of which it represents the fully developed form. The locale was luxurious, the people privileged enough to spend most of their time adjusting amorous or other complications, and the conversation sparking with wit. But the theme was the Comic Spirit itself and the hero a man forced to make that decision between the heroic and the merely intelligent which must be made before comedy really begins.

Like Mr. Behrman himself, his hero belongs to a society which still pretends rather unsuccessfully to affirm its faith in moral ideals. Romantic love, for example, is still theoretically so tremendous a thing that no man or woman worthy of the name would hesitate to give up everything else in its favor. Life, below even the frivolous surface of fashionable existence, is supposed to be real and supposed to be earnest. But our hero—a second-rate story writer — has brains enough to know, not only that his stories are second rate, but also that he does not really believe what he is supposed to believe. He can strike the heroic attitude, but the steam is not really there. A "second man" inside himself whispers the counsel of prudence and common sense, tells him that he does not really prefer love to comfort, or exaltation to pleasure. The only integrity he has is the only one which is necessary to a comic hero—the one which makes it impossible for him either to be a conscious hypocrite on the one hand or, on the other, so to befuddle himself with sentiment as to conceal from even his own mind the fact that he is making one choice while pretending to make the other.

S. N. Behrman

In terms of action the result is that he sends packing the determined flapper who wants to marry him and returns to the wealthy mistress who can support him in the luxury to which he has been accustomed. "I suppose it's dreadful to take money from a woman. But why it's worse than taking it from a man I don't know. Do you?" Incidentally, and in the course of this action, the result is also to develop with bold clarity the whole philosophy of a hero who has surrendered the effort to be heroic and is ready to explain without equivocation why such as he must take themselves and the world as they find them without either trying to pretend that they are different or trying to make them so. The originality of the whole—so far as our particular stage is concerned—consists just in the fact that the play neither shirks the logic of its own conclusions nor presents itself as a simple "shocker" but remains essentially "serious" in the sense that it accepts and defends the premises of all pure comedy. "Life is a tragedy to those who feel and a comedy to those who think." Follow the emotions and you may

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reach ecstasy; but if you cannot do that, then listen to the dictates of common sense and there is a very good chance that you will be comfortable—even, God willing, witty besides.

Mr. Behrman has concealed from the public the inner history of his development and has not, so far as I am aware, told us even what literary influences helped him upon the way to his exceptional maturity, or enabled him to reach so quickly the core of a problem towards which most of our dramatic writers are still only feeling their way. The records say that he was born in Worcester, Massachusetts, and that, as a stage-struck youth, he managed to get as far as Fourteenth Street, New York, by appearing as an actor in a vaudeville skit which he himself had written. Then he attended Clark University and enrolled in Professor Baker's famous course at Harvard. But since then the outward events of his career have been much like those in the careers of half the men connected with the New York theater. For a period he worked on the *Times* and for a period he acted as a theatrical press-agent—being connected in that capacity with the resounding success of "Broadway." Since his first play he has spent a good deal of time in Hollywood and he ought, it would seem, to share the weaknesses as well as the strengths of the typical Broadway group into which he seems so obviously to fit. But by now it is evident that "The Second Man" was no accident. He shows no tendency to become submerged in the common tradition, to write merely in the current manner. Instead, each of his succeeding plays has been quite obviously the product of the same talent and the same integral attitude.

It is true that once—in the comedy-drama "Meteor"—he fumbled the intended effect for the very reason that he had, apparently, not thought the situation through to the point where it could be stated in purely intellectual terms. This history of a rebellious and disorganized genius seen through the eyes of a bewildered but admiring acquaintance is not pure comedy because it is suffused with a sense of wonder, because its subject is a mystery, whereas comedy, almost by definition, admits no mysteries and adopts *nil admirari* as its motto. But since that time Mr. Behrman has not faltered. He made a delightful play out of the delightful English *conte* "Serena Blandish" and then, in "Brief Moment" and "Biography," he extended his demonstration of the comic solution to the problem of civilized living.

Each of these plays—and especially the last—enjoyed a considerable run. At least "Biography," moreover, was generally recognized by critics as one of the outstanding plays of the season. And yet neither, I think, was taken unreservedly to its bosom by the general public or given quite the wholehearted approval accorded to certain other plays less relentlessly consistent in tone. The comic attitude—like any other consistent attitude—cannot be undeviatingly maintained without involving a certain austerity. The moment inevitably comes when it would be easier to relax for a moment the critical intelligence and to pluck some pleasant flower of sentiment or—in other words—to pretend that some compromise is possible between the romantic hero and the comic one. But Mr. Behrman never allows himself to be betrayed by any such weakness and he pays the penalty of seeming a little dry and hard to those pseudo-sophisticates who adore the tear behind the smile because they insist upon eating their cake and having it too. Just as they giggle when they find themselves unable to sustain the level of O'Neill's exaltation—unable, that is to say, to accept the logic of his demand that life be consistently interpreted in terms of the highest feeling possible to it—so, too, they are almost equally though less consciously baffled by Behrman's persistent anti-heroicism. Comedy and tragedy alike are essentially aristocratic; only the forms in between are thoroughly popular.

"Brief Moment" is concerned with a very rich, intelligent, and disillusioned young man who marries a cabaret singer because he fancies her somehow "elemental," and then discovers that she is all too capable of becoming a very convincing imitation of the women of his own class—not only by adopting all their manners, but by developing a genuine enthusiasm for all the manifestations of fashionable pseudo-culture. One of its points, therefore, is that those "simple souls" which sometimes fascinate the too complicated are really less "beyond" than simply not yet "up to" the follies from which they seem so refreshingly free; but the real theme of the play is larger. Its hero is an inhabitant of that Wasteland described in so many contemporary poems and novels. He is the heir of all our culture, the end product of education and privilege, eclectically familiar with so many enthusiasms and faiths that there is none to which he can give a real allegiance. But instead of gesturing magniloquently in the void, instead of trying, like most of his prototypes in contemporary literature, to turn his predicament into tragedy despite the obvious absence of the necessary tragic exaltation, he is content, first to analyze the situation intellectually and then to compensate for the absence of ecstasy by the cultivation of that grace and wit which no one can be too sophisticated to achieve.

"Biography" is again the vehicle for a comment made by the Comic Spirit upon one of the predicaments of contemporary life. Its heroine is a mediocre portrait painter with a genius for comely living. Her dilemma arises out of the apparent necessity of choosing between two men—the one a likable but abandoned opportunist in public life, the other a fanatical revolutionary idealist. Her solution is ultimately to choose neither, and the play is essentially her defense of her right to be a spectator and to cultivate the spectator's virtue—a detached tolerance. The revolutionist says everything which can be said against her attitude. He denounces it as, at bottom, only a compound of indolence and cowardice which parades as a superiority when it is really responsible for the continuance of all the injustices of the world which the intelligent profess themselves too "wise" to correct. But the heroine sticks to her contention that a contemplative, understanding neutrality is "right" for her. She may be wholly ineffectual. The world's work may be done by persons less reasonable and less amiable than she. But wit and tolerance are forms of beauty and, as such, their own excuse for being.

Mr. Behrman's plays are obviously "artificial"—both in the sense that they deal with an artificial and privileged section of society and in the sense that the characters themselves are less real persons than idealized embodiments of intelligence and wit. No person was ever so triple plated with the armor of comic intelligence as his hero; no society ever existed in which all problems were solved—as in his plays they are—when good sense had analyzed them. Just as the tragic writer endows all his characters with his own gift of poetry, so Mr. Behrman endows all his with his own gift for

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the phrase which lays bare to the mind a meaning which emotion has been unable to disentangle. No drawing room ever existed in which people talked so well or acted so sensibly at last, but this idealization is the final business of comedy. It first deflates man's aspirations and pretentions, accepting the inevitable failure of his attempt to live by his passions or up to his enthusiasms. But when it has done this, it demonstrates what is still left to him—his intelligence, his wit, his tolerance, and his grace—and then, finally, it imagines with what charm he could live if he were freed, not merely from the stern necessities of the struggle for physical existence, but also from the perverse and unexpected quixoticisms of his heart.

(This is the first of four articles on contemporary American dramatists. The second, The Random Satire of George Kaufman, will appear in the issue of August 2.)

In the Driftway

THE Society of St. Tammany, better known as Tammany Hall, was organized as a benevolent and patriotic body, and considers itself both to this day. Of its benevolence, at least toward its more outstanding members, there can be no doubt, but since the Fourth of July its patriotism has been suspect. For on that day it transgressed the ritual which in recent years the United States Flag Association has been meticulously building up in order that the religion of patriotism may have an appropriate mumbo-jumbo. The New York *Times* printed on the morning of the Fourth some of the "rules" which the Flag Association has been more or less successful in imposing upon a timid and befuddled public. Foremost was a declaration that the flags should not be hoisted before sunrise and should be lowered at sunset.

* * * * *

THE Society of St. Tammany gathered splendidly on the Fourth and held "patriotic exercises" in front of its Wigwam, from which a whole battalion of American flags was flung to the winds. But, alas, the sachems must have got up too late to read the "rules" for displaying the flag obligingly printed for their benefit that morning, or else they went home so happy that they forgot about them. For the flags—think of it, ye patriots!—were allowed to stay up all night. Of course there were religious zealots to observe the desecration. According to the New York *Times,* "Indignant citizens who noticed the large flag on the roof and the twelve smaller flags on the Fourth Avenue and Seventeenth Street sides after sundown battered the Hall door in vain. There was no response."

* * * * *

BUT the sachems of Tammany Hall need not be, and probably are not, entirely disconsolate. The Society of St. Tammany is older than the United States Flag Association and may have memories of history which have escaped the pontifical pundits of the more recent organization. The sachems may retort, for instance, that the flag was flown all night once back in 1814 without exciting any recriminations. A certain American who on that occasion went out to the British fleet in Chesapeake Bay to arrange for an exchange of prisoners, and was kept there until the attack on Fort McHenry had been repulsed, testified later that the flag had flown over the fort all night. The occurrence did not annoy him. He did not telephone to the United States Flag Association in a huff. On the contrary, he rejoiced that "the rocket's red glare, and bombs bursting in air, gave proof through the night that our flag was still there!" Indeed, he was so enraptured when "by the dawn's early light" he saw the emblem which had been visible "at the twilight's last gleaming," that he wrote a song about the event which enjoys considerable popularity in the United States to this day. The man was Francis Scott Key. The song is called "The Star-Spangled Banner."

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

Social Workers, Pro and Con

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

Social workers, in *The Nation* of June 14, were bracketed with racketeers and gangsters. As defenders of the faith—the simple faith that man is our prime concern and in him lies the hope of the ages—social workers need no defense. Social workers who "know little and care less about economic or political theory and practice" are canceled by the members of the Committee on Federal Action on Unemployment of the American Association of Social Workers, whose platform, accepting group responsibility for constructive action in the economic field, was printed in the *Compass* for May.

For Mrs. Guild's "social worker" who said, "Let the hunger marcher starve," one can cite a head worker in Chicago whose settlement is the accepted meeting place for protest groups of unemployed. The statement, "Publicly, social workers who know the facts say nothing, do nothing," raises the question: What about Jane Addams, Grace and Edith Abbott? They are still up and doing. And Graham Taylor, in his eighties, spent his entire lunch hour at a minimum-wage luncheon in Detroit getting the Illinoisians present to petition their legislature against a bill limiting freedom of opinion in their State.

Obviously it would be unfair to cite the saints and pioneers of social work as typical. But their followers need no apologist. Gathered in conference recently, some 3,000 strong, they met issues on every front from technocracy to food orders. William Hodson, president-elect of the conference, declared in the closing session: "None know better than social workers the misery of the old order. In Washington and their own localities they are bringing their knowledge and understanding to bear to change that order. If social work has courage, intelligence, willingness to work, it will lead. Let us provide such leadership."

It is not easy to strike the golden mean between the reality of here and now and the dreams which can be the reality of tomorrow. Those who find that mean are more telling performers than they who function exclusively in either realm. Returning to social work from some years in other fields, the writer finds that social workers follow that road in greater numbers than most groups.

Just one word in answer to the plaint that social work is a "stop-gap in the present crisis." It's lucky *some* people have their fingers in the dykes. Social workers are the shock troops who stood the first impact. They are the ones who trained the rookies from other professions who are now standing the gaff twelve to sixteen hours a day in public-welfare departments. Stop-gap? Amen and how!

Syracuse, N. Y., June 19 ELEONORE VON ELTZ

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To the Editors of The Nation:

Social workers have rarely attempted to maintain that social-work technique can "prevent most of the suffering with which they are concerned." Their efforts have centered rather on securing a better understanding of human beings and the pathological aspects of their social relationships. Prevention of suffering, for many social workers, is a goal to be reached with the help of this better understanding as it reaches farther into the community. There are the several limitations of function, scope, and method of social work that make it difficult for the social worker to go, professionally, to the roots of things. Social work will continue to be a mere stop-gap as long as its program continues to be financed by those who have profited most under the present economic set-up.

The depression has awakened an increasing number of social workers to the inadequacy of our accepted social concepts. Affected both as workers and as members of a profession by salary reductions and lowering of standards, their own hurts have led to a growing understanding of, and a concurrent dissatisfaction with, many of our present social patterns.

The old fear that organization for the protection of salaries and standards is unprofessional and undignified seems to be leaving us. The New York Association of Federation Workers, made up of employees of social agencies that comprise the Federation for the Support of Jewish Philanthropic Societies, has actively engaged in the protection of its members in their relations with their employers. The Social Workers Discussion Club has provided a forum for critical analysis of such basic social problems as those presented by the Negro, the danger of war, social insurance. Similar groups have been formed in other cities such as Philadelphia and Chicago.

There is still some hope for the social worker.

Brooklyn, N. Y., June 17 Charles Fastov

To the Editors of The Nation:

Mrs. Guild's trenchant criticism of the failure of social workers to see our national disaster in its true perspective and to act accordingly is well taken, and few of us in the trade will quarrel with her on that score. She could have made her analysis more illuminating by relating the theory and practice of social work to dominant forces in American economic and political life, by showing how the mental-hygiene movement, for instance, and its profound influence upon social case-work (an American invention) and upon the social worker's concept of social pathology as a cumulative series of individual pathologies, how this atomistic view of social adjustment stems from the same sources whence have come the "rugged individualism" that has played so large a role in the development of our society. Still, she has performed a public service in stripping the veil from the illusion held by some that social workers are solving the depression.

In all fairness, however, it should be pointed out that not all social workers have cared little for economic or political theory, and that some have protested against the degrading and medieval nature of unemployment relief. Increasingly since 1929 the younger social worker has been achieving for herself an orientation in relation to her own job and to the larger social picture that is often at variance with that of the older generation. This new attitude has found expression in two ways. The younger worker, in New York especially, has come to regard herself not as a sacrosanct professional dealing in mysteries, nor as a lady bountiful, but as an employee doing a necessary job in our society. Under the pressure of salary cuts and lay-offs she has learned the wisdom of organization for protective purposes. Such a step, revolutionary in a calling linked so intimately with all that is nice and ladylike in the status quo, has aroused a sense of identification with other employee elements in our society, which in turn has led to a wider social horizon and to a sympathetic approach to the problems of our wage-earning classes. This brings me to the second expression of the thinking of the younger social worker: the rapid growth in New York, Chicago, Boston, Philadelphia, and Cleveland of social workers' discussion clubs, which have stimulated an interest in the basic social issues of the day—economic planning, federal relief, social insurance, the danger of war, and so on. In Chicago the Discussion Club helped obtain paid vacations for workers in public agencies. In New York the Discussion Club has protested against the inadequacy of home relief, come out for genuine unemployment insurance, and supported the national hunger march of last year.

It is true that these manifestations of revolt against a stale leadership are still relatively isolated and are not participated in by a majority of the profession. They give promise, however, of a social-work leadership of tomorrow which will play a more dynamic role in the reconstruction of our society.

New York, June 21 Jacob Fisher,
For the Association of Federation Workers

The Nation Wins Again

To the Editors of The Nation:

Life magazine for June 16 mentions that your editorial in the May 7 issue entitled Class Justice was the worst of the year. I'll supplement that by saying it is the worst of a lifetime; and I am using my last cent to buy this card to tell you about it, too, and I don't know when I'll get another cent, either, as I am one of the (ragged) rugged individuals.

Rochester, N. Y., June 22 Sam S. Sampson

Contributors to This Issue

Paul Y. Anderson is a Washington correspondent of the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch.*

Harold J. Laski, author of "Democracy in Crisis" and other volumes, is professor of political science in London Universtiy.

Arthur Garfield Hays, a New York lawyer, is author of 'Let Freedom Ring."

Amos Pinchot is a New York lawyer and publicist.

Karl Langer is the pseudonym of a German writer who frequently contributes to American and European journals.

William Macdonald contributes historical and political reviews to *The Nation* and other periodicals.

Younghill Kang, a Korean student of the literature and philosophy of the Orient, and a member of the Department of English of New York University, has written the story of his life in "The Grass Roof."

H. L. Mencken is the editor of the *American Mercury.*

Mark Van Doren, professor of English at Columbia University, is the editor of "The Oxford Book of American Prose."

Haakon Chevalier is the author of "The Ironic Temper: Anatole France and His Time."

William Gruen, formerly an instructor of philosophy in the City College of New York, contributes frequently to the *Monist.*

Harry W. Laidler, a director of the League for Industrial Democracy, is the author of "Concentration of Control in American Industry."

William Troy is a member of the English department of Washington Square College, New York University.

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Books and Films

Sir Arthur Plans Planning

The Framework of an Ordered Society. By Sir Arthur Salter. The Macmillan Company. 75 cents.

The National Industrial Recovery Act: An Analysis. By Benjamin S. Kirsh, in collaboration with Harold Roland Shapiro. New York: Central Book Company. $2.50.

RECENTLY the technocrats held a national conference which immediately blew into fragments, and there are now probably as many competing and mutually antagonistic American technocratic as communistic camps. But if the Social Planners were to hold a conference, would they fare any better? I suspect not. Most of them believe that conditions would improve immediately if "the government took a hand" in affairs, but Sir Arthur Salter is much more skeptical and guarded. He is opposed, it is true, to laissez faire, holding that under present conditions the automatic economic adjustments of the nineteenth century can no longer be made. He is opposed to "a communism which destroys both political and economic freedom, or a fascism which, at the expense of political liberty, leaves a limited freedom for capitalists," and he refuses to believe that these are the only alternatives before us. But he differs from some of his fellow Social Planners in several important respects. He does not blame all of our present evils on competition or laissez faire. He has too much knowledge of tariffs, of mistaken governmental monetary policies, and of happy ideas like the Stevenson rubber restriction scheme, and he is careful to remark that the task of the future is not merely that of controlling what was previously left free, but that of "replacing foolish and improvised control by wisely planned control." And Sir Arthur is not content to point to the governmental errors of the past; they cause him to be skeptical about governmental planning in the future. Indeed, he is convinced that such planning cannot be wisely made by democratic parliamentary government as at present organized. Such government cannot plan, it can merely improvise. "The present commercial policies of the world constitute a kind of bastard socialism, conceived not in the public interest but pressed upon harassed government by strong sectional organizations." Sir Arthur suggests that democratic government will not plan wisely unless parliaments are content to delegate an increasing amount of their powers—meeting, say, for only two or three months of the year and passing merely on major policies, leaving the details of regulation to the executive. The executive, in turn, must not only consult but heed expert opinion far more regularly than at present. And this planning itself must not so much seek to displace the competitive price system as to supplement it, leaving as large a scope as possible for political and economic freedom. There must be developed a sort of institutional self-discipline, directed by Economic Advisory Councils, resting as far as possible on voluntary cooperation.

It is interesting to turn to Mr. Kirsh's little book, which prints the text of the industrial-control provisions of the new National Industrial Recovery Act and analyzes them. The new law seems built almost to conform with Sir Arthur's specifications. It represents the delegation of large powers from the legislature to the executive. It attempts to secure voluntary cooperation. But still I imagine that Sir Arthur must have some very serious misgivings about it. As an internationalist, what must he think of those provisions of the law which authorize the President not merely to raise tariffs, but to impose quotas and embargoes against foreign goods? The tragedy of the Social Planner is that he never gets what he himself would plan.

HENRY HAZLITT

Eamonn de Valera

De Valera. By Denis Gwynn. E. P. Dutton and Company. $3.50.

MR. GWYNN'S book has the charm of good writing and the value of exceptional competence and thoroughness. It is modestly described as neither a criticism nor a defense of Eamonn de Valera, but rather as an attempt to discover from his record "the secret of his extraordinary personal ascendancy" and "the real object" of his economic, social, and political program. Yet it would be difficult for anyone to treat with entire impartiality the paradoxes and contradictions of de Valera's career, and while Mr. Gwynn does not fail, however confused the situation or violent the controversy, to present fully de Valera's side of the case, there are a good many things about de Valera's course for which he evidently has no sympathy and not a few for which he feels aversion.

Paradox and contradiction are written large across de Valera's life from the beginning, and they form the main thread of Mr. Gwynn's critical examination. They appear in his birth in New York of Irish and Spanish parents who gave him a name which is "a curious hybrid" of Spanish and French, in his American citizenship which later saved him from a death sentence in Ireland, his drift into the Irish revolutionary movement while he was an abstracted and queerly dressed professor of mathematics, his sudden rise to fame as the last of the Irish commanders to surrender after the Easter-week rising in 1916, the enhanced popularity that followed two long terms of imprisonment in England, his presidency of Sinn Fein, his bitter controversies with Irish leaders in Ireland and the United States, his baffling course in the treaty negotiations which made southern Ireland a Free State, and his fight for the retention of the land annuities and the development of Irish economic independence. His conduct in America "split the Irish-Americans into two camps," "irrevocably antagonized the two principal leaders," John Devoy and Judge Cohalan, and left his followers confused regarding the kind of independence for Ireland he desired; yet his popular reception was extraordinary, he raised, or helped largely to raise, millions of dollars for the Irish cause, and when he returned to Ireland, with guerrilla warfare in full swing and the terrorism of the Black and Tans at its height, the magnetism of his name was such that "there had been no feeling of resentment at his absence, no serious complaint that he had left all the dangerous and thankless work to others while he enjoyed the limelight and the applause of the United States."

Mr. Gwynn repeatedly alludes to de Valera's conviction that he was playing a "messianic role," and that it was through him, and him alone, that Irish Ireland was to be saved. No messiah could have led more vagariously or with less apparent likelihood of convincing his followers of his inspiration, but the idea serves rather better than any other to explain his self-assurance, his assumption of infallibility, his conflicts with the Dail, his quarrels with such leaders as Arthur Griffith and Michael Collins, his political use of the equivocal Erskine Childers, his devious course regarding the treaty and the oath of allegiance, his return to the Dail in 1927 as Opposition leader after five years' absence, his defeat of the Cosgrave Government in 1932, and the fantastic claims with which he supported his attack on the land annuities. Consistent only in his inconsistency, he has outplayed all his political opponents, and has shown what Mr. Gwynn, with studied reserve, calls "remarkable dexterity" by keeping within constitutional limits while "skilfully creating a situation which makes separation inevitable."

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Whether or not de Valera can hold his place seems to Mr. Gwynn at least an open question. The new industrial program, "to those who are accustomed to modern conditions," seems "fantastic to the verge of insanity," and "the results of reckless finance and of the deliberate wrecking of Anglo-Irish trade have so far only begun to be felt." A new Fenianism is active, and the Catholic bishops "have shown unmistakable signs of alarm" at the prospect of communism. The Irish republican army "is today incomparably more formidable than it was in 1916." Meantime de Valera, mysterious as ever, is in command. There is no book comparable to this as an explanation of what he is like or how he has come to be what he is.

WILLIAM MACDONALD

Pearl Buck's Mission

The First Wife and Other Stories. By Pearl S. Buck. The John Day Company. $2.50.

EVERYTHING that Pearl S. Buck has written I have been forced to read whether I liked it or not. This is because of her large public and because the particular section of the world she writes about is where I came from. In some of my criticisms of her work I have been led into an interesting debate: Is Mrs. Buck describing the Chinese mind or merely her own impression of the Chinese mind? I have not changed my previous views. While I do not admire her work as I do the work of the ancient Chinese painters, who so painted a cat that the observer must feel himself to be a cat, I do admire her Western personality more than ever. She is consistently an able and deep-natured Western woman.

These fourteen short stories are divided into three sections: Old and New, Revolution, and Flood. All deal realistically with events which take place in contemporary China. The common theme is that of the transition from the old ideas to the new. The title is from the long short-story—the most moving one included here—called The First Wife. It deals with the return of the young Chinese husband and father who has received an American education. On going back he finds the young wife, who for seven years has taken care of his mother and father, his son and his daughter, impossible; and when he tries to help her to educate herself to meet his requirements she fails him. The tragedy is between these two, the wife who represents tradition, home, and parents, and the returned son from the West who wants a wife who is able to understand his views. The new wins over the old.

> She rose and drew open a drawer in the table, and from it she took out a silk girdle that she wore customarily with her holiday garments. It was of soft white silk, very strong and soft. She climbed upon the massive bed, and with steady hands she tied one end of the girdle about her throat and she reached and tied the other end around the beam that ran just above the bed. From the middle room she heard her son's voice crying merrily, "And shall I ride in an airplane, too"?

This theme is again repeated in The Old Mother, where now the mother is not able to get on with her returned son and his Western-educated wife. Again the conflict is brought to an unfortunate end. The finish is her quavering remark, "Well, I can die—at any rate, I can die! I can hang myself."

The Frill deals with a Chinese tailor who makes dresses for the postmaster's wife from America, who tells him: "You must makee yourself tailor—no give small boy makee—spoil." She directs her servant to see that he does not steal anything on the way out. The contrast here is between the self-complacent Western woman and her sense of superiority over the tailor whom she compels to work all night long, so that he may earn the money from her to bury his dead relative. The Rainy Day is a skilful and compact sketch describing Teh-tsen, who after his education in America finds it hard to adjust himself to life in his own country. Western individualism develops in him so much that he can no longer accept traditional Chinese life. Discouraged, he gives up all hopes and dreams of doing anything.

The second group of stories begins with Wang Lung, named for the character who later becomes the chief character in "The Good Earth." The book concludes with a final group of four sketches dealing with flood and famine on the Yangtze River. They are the most realistic in the book, and make a direct appeal for sympathy which no reader can fail to be moved by. Indeed, they were actually written to obtain funds for relief.

Mrs. Buck herself is reported as having said that she has no sense of a mission in her writing. In this I am sure she meant to speak sincerely. But unconsciously, and in a way fortunately, she sees hope for China only in its giving up the old way and in acquiring that of Christianity. But this attitude prevents her from seeing the old way as it really was. Miss Nora Waln, for example, has come far closer to the real Chinese mind and ways. Whether Mrs. Buck admits it to herself or not, she has fulfilled a mission in her writings, which must invariably move Western readers to thank God for Christ and his teachings. I do not mean to criticize her for this, only to congratulate her for her courage and her pattern, which would have been deeply considered by any thinking Oriental a generation ago.

YOUNGHILL KANG

These Here States

My American Friends. By L. P. Jacks. The Macmillan Company. $2.

DR. JACKS, who is the editor of the *Hibbert Journal,* has traveled in the United States a great deal more than most Americans. He came first in 1886, to find out what he could learn at Harvard, and there he met and plucked wisdom from Charles Eliot Norton, William James, Josiah Royce, John Fiske, and Francis G. Peabody. He came again in 1909, and again in 1910, 1912, and 1913. The war intervening, he did not make his next trip until 1924, but since then he has been among us three more times, and on his last trip, in 1931-32, he remained nine months, and visited forty-two States. A map of this journey is printed at the end of his book. The thin red line which shows his route runs from Hollywood to Palm Beach in the South and from Boston to Tacoma in the North. He missed Reno, but he saw the Grand Canyon, and appears to have had seances with the Mormons of both Salt Lake City and Long Island.

I wish I could say, as one theologian rooting for another, that Dr. Jacks has composed what all the bright young boys and gals are now calling an "exciting" book, but alas the massive and impenetrable facts stand in the way. It is, in truth, a somewhat narcotic volume, and I had not got much beyond the first chapter before I began to regret having contracted to review it. What ails it, fundamentally, is simply the rev. and learned author's heroic determination to be amiable. He refuses absolutely to say anything likely to upset his American friends, and as a result he comes perilously close to saying nothing at all. The same Christian Science smile radiates from him from end to end. Only once, so far as I can recall, does he let it freeze off, and then it is to protest against the inscription on a monument at Pittsburgh, which seems to him to make it insufficiently plain that "in 1756 there was no distinction between the 'British' and 'Americans' as separate nations." But

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by this time, I suppose, Andy Mellon's camerlingo has given the appropriate orders, and the inscription has been changed.

Dr. Jacks even goes to the length of arguing, quite seriously and at some length, that the excessive standardization visible in the United States is a good thing, and will have gorgeous effects upon human progress hereafter. Unfortunately, his reasoning here is not quite as clear as it might be. First he maintains that "standardization is a condition absolutely essential to all forms of human originality," and that our apparent excess of it gives us "a somewhat broader basis" than other nations have for "the coming of surpassing splendors in the way of originality and creativeness," and then, on the same page, he hastens to add that this excess really "amounts to very little"—in fact, to no more, relatively, than the bulk of "a pea deposited on the summit of Mount Everest." Here, obviously, one may either take it or leave it. As for me, I find myself constrained to leave it.

H. L. MENCKEN

Beyond Shakespeare

The Christian Renaissance. With Interpretations of Dante, Shakespeare, and Goethe, and a Note on T. S. Eliot. By G. Wilson Knight. Canada: The Macmillan Company. $3.50.

MR. KNIGHT, who in four tumultuous volumes—"Myth and Miracle," "The Wheel of Fire," "The Imperial Theme," and "The Shakespearian Tempest"—has plunged through the sea of Shakespeare's imagery and held up as he swam full many an important catch, now reaches the other shore with naked symbols in his hand. For in this new book he goes beyond Shakespeare, who, though he is great enough to include Dante and Goethe, is not really great enough for Mr. Knight. He goes headlong on, in short, to the only poem which is perfect—the New Testament.

"It has, of course, been evident," says Mr. Knight, "that my interpretations of Shakespeare must, sooner or later, necessarily have something to say about Christianity." I must confess it was not evident to me. I read every new volume of those interpretations with the greatest attention and respect, and never once did I discover that I was being led along a path at the end of which the New Testament would appear "to be the most consummate vision of any." I had been simple enough to suppose that Mr. Knight's books about Shakespeare had been about Shakespeare. Now, of course, it is clear that they were not—at least in Mr. Knight's own mind. I still believe them to contain some of the most brilliant and illuminating remarks ever made about the poetry of the plays. But I can see also that they were leading up to the burst of prophecy which is the present book.

For Mr. Knight now makes it plain that he is concerned not so much with poetry as with Life, to which he thinks it gives the key. He has been interested less in the symbols of Shakespeare than in the truth to which he is able to make them refer. Such a man is bound to come, as Mr. Knight very swiftly it seems to me has come, to a point where symbols are sufficient things. Poetry, where he first found them, now strikes him as something mixed—the flesh adheres to the spirit, the "meaning" is obscure. Better for him, if not for us, the pure meaning, the naked symbol. Thus it is that he can say of the Gospels: "Not only is this book poetic: it holds all possible poetry potential in its pages." He prefers, that is to say, poetry which is possible to poetry which is actual—the New Testament, for instance, to Shakespeare. There is only one more step to take, and at the rate Mr. Knight is going I have no doubt that he will take it in his next book. He will announce an exclusive allegiance to that poetry which cannot be written at all. He will praise the ineffable, the *im*possible. He will say in four hundred excellent pages: Henceforth let there be Silence.

I shall not follow him there, nor do I here, where I see him in the process of detaching himself from the flesh and blood of poetry. The process, indeed, began as early as "The Imperial Theme," where his obsession with symbols led him to overpraise "Timon of Athens" because its key had been left in the lock, and where his praise of "Antony and Cleopatra" was determined not so much by the merits which anyone else may see in the work as by the fact that its "meaning" fitted attractively into his system. The process for that matter went on in "The Shakespearian Tempest," where Mr. Knight was prone to find perfection in Shakespeare's last plays because their mythological personages are such clear projections of a theme. They are clear, certainly; but they are not one-tenth as interesting on the level of poetry—of *written* poetry—as the divine beings who live unseen in Hamlet and the other tragic heroes, and whose existence, probably, Shakespeare did not suspect.

Now in his new book Mr. Knight is capable of calling the New Testament a greater tragedy than any of Shakespeare's because its hero, Jesus, is perfect. It is a greater tragedy because it must have been written by a greater man—one who was still greater than this hero. Who wrote it? The answer, I suppose, is implicit in the following sentences: "Jesus's life distils the very quintessence of human reality: his story presents an absolute, finished, and complete life in perfect harmony with a sublime ethic; that is, with the innermost principle of life itself." The author, then, was Life.

Mr. Knight may be inspired throughout, and the prophecy which he finally makes of a great age of poetry now about to appear may be all very well. But one who prefers poetry that is written by men—men in their prime, to whom life presents itself in the lower case—may be pardoned for a certain feeling of bewilderment. I for one do not see poetry and religion blending at the present moment to produce the most perfect literature man has ever been privileged to read. Nor do I look with much pleasure toward that not far distant hour when, Mr. Knight assures us, "both religion and poetry, as practiced and understood today, will pass. They will pass, when the time is ripe, to bring to birth a greater thing than either, a new Life, splendorously paling those twin candles that have stood before its altar."

MARK VAN DOREN

For Unsophisticated Unbelievers

A Calendar of Saints for Unbelievers. By Glenway Wescott. Harper and Brothers. $2.50.

THIS book is likely to inspire in the gentle and cultivated reader a certain uneasiness. He will be puzzled as to why Mr. Wescott should have written it and why anyone should want to read it. It is a neat and charming volume containing a wealth of material delicately presented, and for the reader unfamiliar with saintly lore it will no doubt have an appeal. But as he reads on through pages and pages of these thumb-nail sketches of human types of all kinds who, for good reasons and bad, have been sanctified by the Catholic church, he will find the author's point of view even more elusive than it is in the smirking foreword, which reads like William Bolitho at his worst. If this reader, though unbelieving, has had some intimate acquaintance with saints in his early years; if he has spent long hours over the magic "Legenda Aurea" as piously compiled by Jacobus de Varagine, and delved at odd moments into the hagiographers of different centuries; if he has delighted in the masterly works of Louis Menard and Maspero and felt a certain jarring dissonance in the portrayal of saints by even such scrupulous artists as Renan and Anatole France, he will

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lay Mr. Wescott's book aside as a *faux-genre* of the most pronounced type.

It is not that Mr. Wescott is not entitled to treat this subject, piously or otherwise. It is merely that he has nothing whatever to contribute to it. So much has been done in this field, so many great spirits have devoted a lifetime of labor to it, that an angel would, indeed, fear to tread there today. One can at least take off one's hat to this American youngster's pluck.

HAAKON M. CHEVALIER

Science and Reality

The New Background of Science. By Sir James Jeans. The Macmillan Company. $2.50.

INSTEAD of disclosing the new backgrounds of science this book exhibits the new science against the background of an old philosophy. The dilemmas in which the author finds himself are the inevitable consequences of this incongruous setting.

Modern physics is here depicted as a quest for an ultimate, undefined reality. The objects of science—protons, electrons, and photons—are supposed to be somehow nearer to this reality than the objects of daily experience. This fundamental fallacy rests on the implicit presupposition that the more pervasive aspects of things are more real than their individual traits. In this connection it is significant that the chapter on The Methods of Science is the most inadequate part of the book. A closer study of scientific method would have shown that the concepts of science are not disclosures of a basic reality but logical constructs designed to express metrical relations in the qualitative continuum of experience.

Scientific method involves a reconstruction or modification of its subject matter. Such modifications are an essential feature of experimental science, for an experiment is measurement through modification and selective control, and the laws of science are valid only in terms of such selection and transformation. It is only through the spurious identification of objective reality with what is unalterable and permanent that these selective modifications of science can be regarded as evidence of the subjectivity of scientific laws. It is this singular misunderstanding of scientific method that leads Jeans to write that "we can still only explore nature by stamping it with our own footprints and raising clouds of dust, so that our present pictures of nature show our human stamp over it all. In time we shall perhaps learn how to remove our own footprints from the picture, and shall then see that nature has a real existence, as much outside ourselves and independent of ourselves as the Sahara." One is reminded of Kant's satirical answer to this last naive hope: "The light dove, piercing in her easy flight the air and perceiving its resistance, imagines that flight would be easier in empty space."

Atomic physics has shown that both matter and radiation may be regarded alternatively as atomic or wavelike, and that in adopting the one or the other of these theories we must sacrifice either the determinacy of physical events or their characterization by spatial and temporal coordinates. Since recent experiments have confirmed the predictions of the wave theory of matter, the latter "begins to appear as the true picture of reality." In consequence we must abandon the physical descriptions of phenomena in space and time and we are left only the mathematical laws of wave mechanics. This situation leads Jeans to conclude that either "our supposed laws of nature become a mere specification of our own mental processes, telling us little or possibly nothing about nature, but certainly something about ourselves," or "reality must have something of a mental nature about it."

This, of course, is a necessarily crude summary and it must be said that the author is not entirely unaware of the serious philosophical difficulties involved in his position. Nevertheless, he adheres firmly to the traditional metaphysical and epistemological theories which led him to these conclusions. One of the major defects of these theories is that they rest on a separation of knowledge from the method of acquiring it. By ignoring the operational origin and instrumental function of scientific laws it is possible for Jeans to apply to them a criterion of existential reality which they were never meant to satisfy.

That the objects of science have no simple location in space and time does not mean that reality is mental. It means that science, that is, knowledge, is mental. Jeans's own exposition of modern physics shows that the concepts of science cannot be regarded as representations of "reality," because scientific concepts are not pictures of nature. It need not surprise us, therefore, that electrons and photons as expressed in the laws of physics do not bear the substantial, qualitative aspect to which we are accustomed in the objects of daily experience. These laws are not representations of things in themselves. They express determinate relations in events. Their function is not—as Jeans supposes—to tear the veil of phenomena from the "real" substratum of nature. Their function in science and technology is rather to disclose some order and connection between events and to endow the arts with intelligent foresight and some measure of control.

WILLIAM GRUEN

The Mountain of Debt

The Internal Debts of the United States. Edited by Evans Clark, assisted by George B. Galloway. The Macmillan Company. $4.50.

THE technocrats as a school are no longer good copy. But many challenges they have issued have still to be met. One of these challenges is how we as a nation can grapple with our mounting private and public debt. These debts, declared Howard Scott and company, cannot and will not be paid. They amount to the colossal sum of over $200,000,000,000 and, if amortized at a fair rate of interest, would absorb a considerable part of the national income.

The contentions of the technocrats have been heatedly attacked and just as heatedly defended, but few of their critics or defenders have added to the sum total of human knowledge on this important subject. In the meantime tens of thousands of men and women who know nothing about the technocratic school—owners of mortgaged homes in city and country and debtors in other fields—have been staggering under an almost insupportable burden of indebtedness.

A few months ago Evans Clark, as director of the Twentieth Century Fund, selected a group of experts in specified fields to assist him in mobilizing all the readily available information on the internal debt structure of these United States. Dr. John Bauer was asked to estimate our public utility debts; Gardiner C. Means, to compile the debts of industrial corporations and banks; while representatives of various competent research bureaus and their advisers were asked to investigate other phases of the debt problem. Evans Clark and George S. Galloway undertook to weave the story into a unified whole. The result is a book of great timeliness and importance, thoroughly readable, admirably summarized, graphically illustrated with charts and statistical tables and replete with factual material regarding economic trends and well-considered suggestions for future action.

The sum total of all long-term debts now outstanding, according to the contributors to this volume, is approximately $134,000,000,000 and of short-term obligations, $103,000,000,-

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000. Statistics are available for $126,800,000,000 of the long-term indebtedness from pre-war days to the present. About one-fourth (26 per cent) of these debts are governmental; the remainder, private. Of the $33,000,000,000 in government debts, $14,000,000,000 are federal obligations, $19,000,000,000 those of State and local units. Of the private debts, farm-mortgage loans—contrary to popular imagination—amount to only 7 per cent of the nation's long-term debts, less than $9,000,000,000 out of $126,800,000,000. Public-utility and industrial debt total about $10,000,000,000 each; railroad debt, about $14,000,000,000; of financial institutions, $22,000,000,000; while loans on mortgaged real estate constitute the largest single item, around $27,000,000,000.

> The most striking fact about these debts today, compared with previous years, is their enormous growth. The grand estimated total of $134,000,000,000 represents an increase of $96,000,000,000 from the pre-war figures, which were $38,000,000,000 for the same categories of long-term debt. Of this increase, $37,000,000,000 came before the post-war depression (1921-22), $51,000,000,000 more came between 1921-22 and 1929, and $8,000,000,000 developed during the current depression . . . So that, for every $1.00 of debts we carried before the war we carry $3.53 today.

During this period considerable changes have taken place in the relative importance of the various types of debt. The federal debt, for instance, was relatively unimportant during the pre-war days, representing only about 2 per cent of the total. Now it amounts to 11 per cent. Urban mortgage debt has advanced from 14 to 22 per cent. Railroad debt, on the other hand, has declined from 31 to 11 per cent. "The rapid growth of urban mortgages from $5,000,000,000 to over $27,000,000,000 and of federal obligations from less than $1,000,000,000 to $14,000,000,000 are the most striking changes. The debts of financial institutions also showed a marked growth—443 per cent."

These totals of our debt burden, however, mean very little in and by themselves. They must be related to the national wealth and the national income to gather significance. So related, we find that, before the war, our long term indebtedness was about 20 per cent of our national wealth and 6 per cent of the national income; today it amounts to about 45 per cent of our wealth and 20 per cent of our income! We are thus over twice as heavily in debt in relation to our national wealth as we were before the World War, and over three times as heavily in debt in relation to our national income.

During the war, the great increase in our debt structure occurred, in the nature of the case, in government expenditures for military purposes. In the boom days of 1921-1929, the 'new era' of economic madness, on the other hand, we liquidated about $4,000,000,000 of federal long-term obligations, but took on $55,000,000,000 in other fields, an increase of 93 per cent. "Even if we assume that the debt policies of pre-war years were sound—an assumption which some would challenge," declares Mr. Clark—"our performance in the post-war boom was almost beyond belief."

Some parts of our industrial structure are more debt-ridden in comparison to their capacity to pay than are others. In some cases, as among many of the farms in the Middle West, among our city mortgagors and among our railroads, the burden is particularly great. In 1932, bankruptcy sales, foreclosures, and tax sales accounted for more than half the transfers of farm land.

As a means of attacking the debt evil, the authors, in the first place, propose measures of temporary relief. Interest rates, where necessary, should be reduced. A moratorium on interest and principal charges should in case of need be resorted to. Maturing obligations should be refunded, foreclosures proceedings started only as a last resort. In the second place, the authors urge measures which will help to break the business depression. Toward this end the government, they believe, should expand the volume of money and construct public works. Finally, steps should be taken toward permanent economic stability. The volume of loans and investments should be controlled through government regulation of the private banking system or, if this proves to be impracticable, through government-owned banks. "Undoubtedly banking is the most important single public utility in our economy. If in private hands it cannot operate to serve the public interest, its nationalization seems imperative." This should be followed by the creation of boards to investigate how best to control the flow of capital to our industries. As for our future debts, the authors believe that they should be limited in relation to the size of the assets against which they are issued and in relation to the probable life of these assets. A clause might be inserted in future contracts, furthermore, permitting the automatic scaling down of interest rates and amortization requirements in times of severe economic depression. Finally, bankruptcy laws should be entirely revised.

On these proposals, however, there is no unanimity among the authors. Wilfred Eldred objects to the policy of inflation, while Dr. John Bauer has little faith in the ability of the government to compel private industry to plan. He urges a permanent plan for public works, public ownership of banks, and full employment at socially useful work, with constantly higher standards of living. Despite the constructive suggestions of the authors of this volume, the pyramiding of debts, so noted in the past, is likely to continue as long as our industrial structure is run for private profit. While the remedies proposed for the present debt situation, however, may be criticized as inadequate, the value of the volume does not depend on the validity of these proposals or on the authors' social interpretations. It depends, rather, on the mass of important data which has been so competently compiled and published—despite the many gaps in the underlying statistics—at a time when this problem is of such vital importance to great masses of our population.

HARRY W. LAIDLER

Shorter Notices

Foreign Investments in China. By C. F. Remer. The Macmillan Company. $5.

As a source book this sober and well-constructed work is certain to prove of great value to students of the Chinese problem. It takes rank with such eminent studies as those of W. W. Willoughby ("Foreign Rights and Interests in China") and J. B. Condliffe ("China Today: Economic"). While Dr. Remer has of necessity included a great deal of material that is familiar, he has also brought in many facts and statistics that are new or at least have been given no general attention as a part of the economic problem of China. The author takes pride in his statement of China's balance of international payments. Of course, several other scholars have undertaken to strike such a balance and have accomplished the task with no less success. Yet we are indebted to Dr. Remer for presenting his findings clearly and intelligently, and for bringing the balance of payments down to the year 1930. Without such studies it would be difficult to gauge the international economic position of the country. Dr. Remer naturally devotes considerable space to American, British, Japanese, and Russian investments. His treatment of Japanese and Russian interests is especially good. When we come to the author's conclusions, however, we are inclined to hesitate. It seems difficult to separate the imperialistic exploitation of a country like China from the political implications of such exploitation, and it is rather hard to under-

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stand how China's economic position can be examined as a whole without paying more attention to its natural resources (of lack of resources). Dr. Remer has not entirely ignored these factors, but he would have been better advised had he gone into them more fully.

New Road. By Merle Colby. The Viking Press. $2.50.

Tracing the life cycle of a small pioneer settlement in the Ohio wilderness of 1820 from its earliest beginnings as the home of a few lonely squatters, through its rapid maturing into a full-fledged American town, Merle Colby has written an absorbing novel, and one that is fictionized history in the best sense. Melodrama and coincidence play a conspicuous part in shaping the destinies of the town of Toward; but it is melodrama put to a legitimate use: to epitomize the play of conflicting forces, to point and accentuate the complexities of history in the making. One could wish that "New Road," as a supplement to the usual textbooks on American history, with their abstractions and platitudes, could be made compulsory reading throughout the country, so vividly and honestly does it portray a major phase of American development.

Appius and Virginia. By G. E. Trevelyan. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2.

Miss Trevelyan's original fantasy of the staid maiden lady who adopted a baby ape for her son and trained him in the gentle art of being a perfect Victorian child demonstrates again, as "Alice in Wonderland" did, that the reverse side of Victorian smugness was rich in the possibilities of intellectual comedy. "Appius and Virginia" is a *jeu d'esprit,* a take-off on the Victorian belief that every soul, however brutish, might be admitted to the grace of good breeding—an article of faith that has a certain grandeur and pathos about it. Parts of the story—where Appius learns to say his prayers and eat in a mannerly fashion—strongly recall the writings of the good Dr. Tuke, an early advocate of the polite treatment of lunatics, whose tome reads like the purest Lewis Carroll. Another Victorian preoccupation, heredity versus environment, is slyly satirized in the course of the ape-child's education; in the bewildered musings of Appius concerning his own status—whether ape is man or man is ape—the fundamentalist and Darwinian will find much matter for reflection.

Phyloanalysis. By William Galt. With a Preface by Trigant Burrow. The Baker and Taylor Company. $1.

Phyloanalysis describes certain analytic researches into the underlying emotional and physiological status of man as a race or phylum; hence the name. There are, in the emotional life of man, "distortions which in their individual expression take the form of neurosis and crime and which are represented in the community in such manifestations as war and other social catastrophes." The behavior of individuals, communities, and nations is characterized by these generally unrecognized neurotic reactions. Mr. Galt gives a detailed explanation of the phyletic significance of attention, and shows how much of present-day confusion is due to a disorder of this function. The attention of each of us is at every moment deflected from the matter in hand to ulterior considerations of how our comportment is impressing others, whether we are gaining or losing, and similar inhibitory, constrictive considerations. This attitude is inculcated in us as children by the community; the "lag of attention" obtains throughout the whole race; and we think in terms of "social images" or racially accepted fallacies. The laboratory investigations described were initiated by Dr. Trigant Burrow. The transcriptions from actual group meetings are interesting, and the completely unorthodox finding that the "transference" is a social manifestation essentially obstructive in character is in striking contrast to the current psychological theories.

The Science of Human Reproduction. By H. M. Parshley. W. W. Norton and Company. $3.50.

The most amazing thing about this book is perhaps the simple fact that it has been published at all, especially as it is intended for popular distribution. Only the more recent technical books on contraception equal it in accuracy and detail. Dr. Parshley develops his subject from general zoological and cytological considerations, through a detailed, straightforward account of the anatomy and physiology of human reproduction, to a final briefer discussion of population, eugenics, and sex behavior. Illustrations are profuse and adequate. This book is an assuring indication that we are getting away from the era when model animal and human figures for classroom study were made without sex organs. It emphasizes that sex is as fundamental a problem of biology as are "nerve irritability" or "muscular contractility"—subjects which occupy many more pages in textbooks. College students should be quizzed on the contents of this book before they are given their degrees.

Films

The Eisenstein Muddle

NOTHING quite like the current dispute over the forthcoming version of Eisenstein's "Que Viva Mexico" has ever before happened in the Hollywood screen world. Not only does it involve one of the greatest directors and one of the most widely read social propagandists in the world, but its implications, which are both ethical and aesthetic, are of the greatest importance in relation to the more serious consideration of the cinema as a fine art. From the beginning, of course, the Eisenstein film has been surrounded by a great deal of turbulence and mystery. One had heard of the Soviet director's repudiation by Hollywood, which seemed a sufficient scandal in itself, and of his sudden retreat into Mexico to make a vast "film-symphony" of that country's cultural and economic development from primitive times to the present. Then from across the Rio Grande border drifted confused reports of misunderstandings and disagreements with his financial backers; his return to Russia was attended by all sorts of complications, legal and other; and for a time it seemed as if the film he had left behind in California was destined never to receive a public showing. References to Eisenstein's "Mexican film" and solicitous inquiries as to its fate became so frequent as to build up around it much of the atmosphere of a myth, and as with so many other myths one ended by growing very tired of hearing about it. In fact, there was probably enough skepticism present in the New York Film Forum members to save them from being too much disappointed when the picture failed to be shown, although it had been promised, during last season. The reason for the Forum's failure to carry out its promise, however, becomes apparent in the light of the final development of the film's stormy history. Like so many of its other stages, the present stage consists of a violent interchange of arguments, this time between Upton Sinclair, as spokesman for the film's backers, and Seymour Stern, editor of *Experimental Cinema,* head of a group that is stirred to action by the imminent appearance of what they hold to be a shameful "desecration" of a great work of art.

So far Mr. Sinclair has not had an adequate opportunity of stating his side of the case, and it will probably turn out that he has had grievances enough and that he will be able to offer some better justification than that he was determined by purely practical considerations. In the meantime, there is only the overwhelming fact that he has turned over the celluloid rolls in his possession to commercial interests in Hollywood, who have

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had them cut by professional studio cutters without Eisenstein's supervision. The result, soon to be viewed under the title "Thunder Over Mexico," is the picture which the *Experimental Cinema* group characterizes as an "unmitigated mockery" of Eisenstein's original intention. According to the latter's manifesto, the commercial version uses only 7,000 of the 200,000 feet of film taken by Eisenstein during his stay in Mexico. Moreover, "The original *meaning* of the film has been perverted by a reduction of the whole to a single unconnected romantic story." Others who have seen both the original and the fragment point out certain grotesque effects resulting from the attempt to reconcile the Soviet director's already oversimplified pattern with the conventional American pattern that is superimposed upon it. It is similarly noted that what little of the celebrated Eisenstein camera symbolism is retained appears totally disjointed and meaningless. All in all, from the descriptions that have so far been offered, "Thunder Over Mexico" promises to be one of the most astonishing films ever presented to the public.

To consider the matter first from its ethical aspect, one must take some account of the report that Mr. Sinclair and the other backers made every effort to persuade the Soviet authorities to permit Eisenstein to cut the picture himself, either here or in Russia. Failing to make an arrangement that would also guarantee their own property rights, it is argued, they were faced with the alternative of accepting a complete loss of their money or of turning the rolls over to a commercial distributor. What is not perfectly clear is whether Mr. Sinclair and his friends regarded the money handed over to Eisenstein as a gratuitous loan or a formal investment. If they regarded it as the latter, the dispute serves to revive the old question whether it is ever legitimate or possible to *invest* in anything so unpredictable as a work of art, and also the related question whether the work, in such a case, is the property of the artist or the investor. Certainly, if Mr. Sinclair had chosen to put his misfortune down to misguided philanthropy or mere bad luck, he would have spared himself the grave disapproval of a number of people interested in art and the motion-picture art in particular.

And this suggests how closely the ethical and the aesthetic are interrelated in the case. The real seriousness of "cutting" the work of a director, whose whole technique and reputation rest on an elaborately worked-out theory of montage, can only be understood if one imagines a magazine editor who would dare rearrange the episodes in a story or the images in a poem. By the wrong sort of cutting a novel by Proust or Mann could be made into something completely opposed to either author's intention. A slight change of syntax would render almost any poem by T. S. Eliot (who happens to resemble Eisenstein in a cultivation of the synoptic) altogether banal. The episodes or images, individually considered, would be the same, but the articulation of them into a deliberately conceived pattern would be destroyed. In an Eisenstein film, the montage supplies the syntax, the larger structural rhythm (as distinguished from the incidental rhythms of movement, which are, however, usually identified with it), and because this element is always the most intimately personal in any work of art, to interfere with it is to disturb what is the most inviolable property of any artist—his style. "In the cinema," writes the Russian critic, Serebriakoff, "the montage is a means of expression, one of the elements of style." In Eisenstein's case, it would be possible to go even further and say that it is the irreducible element of his style. What the current dispute has brought out more clearly than anything else, therefore, is a recognition on the part of a number of people of the importance of cutting or montage in a film. It has helped a few, but apparently not all, to distinguish between the motion picture as a pile of celluloid and as a work of art. The indignation that it has excited is a good sign, because it constitutes another assertion of the cinema's right to be considered as a fine art.

WILLIAM TROY

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